

# IRELAND TO-DAY

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ONE SHILLING

## NOTES ON OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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O. I. *Under these initials a distinguished Irish scholar writes on an issue vital to scholarship.*

The regular features are conducted by the Editors of the several sections :

Art .. .. JOHN DOWLING, B.A., B.D.S.

Music .. .. EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAIR.

Theatre .. .. SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA, B.A.

Film .. .. LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE .

Books .. .. EDWARD SHEEHY, M.A.



## EDITORIAL

THERE are evils with us perennially from which the public mind should not be permitted to rest until they are redressed or mitigated. One of these is our slums, about which so intensive a campaign was waged a year ago. Yet to-day, after several months of strike among the builders of our principal cities, during which time the slum position has perceptibly worsened, hardly a voice is raised, and conditions, which should cause a revulsion in the body politic, are ignored or concealed by those whose duty it is to remove them, and suffered resignedly by those who could be forgiven if their protest expressed itself in violence.

A timely word of warning from an Irish official in London has appeared in our press. The evils of emigration are pointed out, resulting almost inevitably in moral collapse, and an impassioned appeal is made to our young men and girls to stay at home, where at least, even in their economic extremity, they will be among friends and rarely without food or shelter "for the love of God." Should their wandering be from no impelling necessity but only from curiosity or restlessness, then they are playing with fire, and in the majority of cases the State should intervene to conserve our racial stock, for it is our virile manhood and womanhood which is quitting our shores. It is established that girls, ignorant of cooking or housekeeping, unfamiliar with either gas or electricity, find employment in a type of home that leaves much to be desired; the communication referred to earlier states that "nearly the highest percentage of unmarried mothers in London is to be found among Irish girls." There is a growing sentiment among those responsible for the people's moral welfare that *something should be done*, and this is shared by nationally-minded people who see, in the Government's inactivity or reluctance to intervene, further evidence of indifference to the separatist ideal.

The occasion upon which we find ourselves ranged on the same side as the present holder of mayoral honour in Dublin is so rare as to be worth recording. Recently a large number of children—some seventy in all—"aged 10 to 13," were charged with very minor offences, no less than forty for non-compliance with the School Attendance Act. The judge saw fit to separate great numbers of these from their families, and,

amid "pathetic scenes", they were removed in motor-vans to an institution, whose reputation gained nothing by the inelegant implications of the judge. "It was a heartrending spectacle." Still more recently a somewhat similar batch of cases came before the same judge, and this time the protest of the Lord Mayor has led to a wordy controversy between the parties concerned, and others. The occasion has been used by the judge for the defence of the industrial school system. We think the matter one which cannot be so readily dismissed, and on the basis that most of the institutions we have taken over from England are suspect, we feel that the subject is one for comprehensive enquiry.

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Crime-making is an active industry, north and south. We have spoken before of the various Public Safety and Special Powers Acts, which the Civil Liberties Commission condemned for this very feature of making the manufacture of crime a vested interest. It would take a lot to convince us that the forcible removal of children of tender years from parental control into institutions run for separate sexes, is the best remedy that can be devised, and that it leaves no stigma whatever, let alone any bad effect, on the children so immured. If the parental control is at fault, then begin at the right end; if the environment of the home is at fault, then eradicate the defects, supply proper housing, get rid of unemployment and its concomitant vices, provide non-competitive reconstructional work instead of the dole, do any and all of these things but—spare the child!

●

Again, is the judge so satisfied with the perfection of our educational system that he should regard failure to attend school regularly as "a very serious offence?" If the father had received elementary school education and, nevertheless, was a chronic out-of-work, what encouragement has there been to urge the child to follow the same profitless path? Moreover, the conditions under which one hundred thousand of our city-dwellers, in Dublin alone, live, are so appalling, that infinite allowance must be made for the utter disbalance of nature's normal functioning. A hundred minor difficulties and tragedies a day may stand in the way of the slum-child's attendance at school. Of these our system of justice and law are oblivious. The instruments of these systems are remote from them, incomprehensibly and uncomprehendingly remote.



The foreshadowed passing of two institutions, one industrial, the other scientific, should be sufficient to galvanise those with the country's best interests at heart into activity. For the place of the Dublin Dockyard and Dunsink Observatory in our lives transcends that which might, at first glance, be ascribed to them. We are an island people, and were our development normal, the plundering of the sea's wealth in food, coupled with the growth of timber in profusion to build the barques for the sea's mastery, should have evolved logically. But we have little to do with the sea ; we are not sea-minded ; unlike Norway, we have not progressed from the building of small craft of timber to the establishment of a vast mercantile marine of steel. In fifteen years of partial self-government, little has been done to fill this want and build ships of our own to carry our own freights. There may be an explanation, but there is no justification, for this. The Dublin Dockyard performs a useful service. It retains and fosters craftsmen ; it gives variety of outlet for manual skill and mechanical inventiveness that is all too scarce in the twenty-six county area of our country. Once it goes, once even we allow its approaching demise to pass without visible effort and hopeful promise to prevent its closing, much of that skill will be lured away to swell the emigrant-ship and deplete our ever-diminishing reserves of skilled labour and trained brain-power. It must not be allowed to happen, and the opportunity and the co-operation would seem to be both present for the nucleus of a sound, nationalised concern.

In a quite different category is Dunsink, whose origins are rooted well back in the eighteenth century. Here is an institution with a long record of scientific observation and achievement. It has been reduced in effectiveness for some years past owing to shortage of funds, but when we read that "a few weeks ago the remaining function of the Observatory in controlling the clocks in the Port and Docks offices, Westmoreland Street, and the new buildings in Trinity College by means of electric current transmission, was suspended," it is time for the various educational bodies and Government departments concerned to get together and devise some scheme that will save it from passing into the control of the department that looks after Ancient Monuments.

It is surely retrogressive and humiliating if we are to be dependent on a foreign transmitter for our time signals, especially at a time when we are in the act of setting up a fairly complete meteorological service.

## FOREIGN COMMENTARY

THE circumstances which led up to the undeclared war between Japan and China are simple to appreciate, and should not be forgotten in the confusion that usually confounds our views of distant Far Eastern questions.

The present state of war is the direct result of Japan's greed for the rich provinces of China, and the nearest provinces to the recently conquered and comparatively poor territory of Manchukuo and Hopei and Chahar, which are administered by a joint political council.

The political council is semi-independent of the central Chinese Government at Nanking, and the Japanese taking full advantage of this fact brought about a secret pact with the two provinces. This agreement included a clause whereby the northern Chinese gave in to the Japanese wish to have the Chinese garrisons withdrawn from the north. Neither the troops nor the Central Government were consulted, and both objected to a military withdrawal, which meant surrender of Chinese interests to a foreign country. Japan, prematurely and unfortunately, insisted on withdrawal, and the resistance of the Chinese local Division—the 29th, led to the sporadic fighting which is now taking place about Peking. Both Peking and Tientsin have fallen and the northern part of the Hopei province has also been occupied by the Japanese.

\* \* \*

The Central Chinese Government at Nanking stated firmly that Japan had no right whatever to conclude negotiations with any part of China without the sanction of Nanking, and that it could permit no inroads into Chinese territory. Troops were, therefore, ordered north to support the local Chinese garrisons.

Then in mid-July two Japanese were killed in Shanghai, seven hundred miles to the south. Japan made this an excuse to create another war front. She sent twenty warships up the Yangtse, and landed, and is still landing, large forces at Shanghai.

To counter this Chinese troops have moved in on Shanghai, and have opposed the Japanese with some measure of success for the time being on this second front.

International interests in the opulent city of Shanghai are



in jeopardy, and consultations are taking place between the powers immediately interested, namely, France, Britain, and the U.S.A.

Japan, however, is in much too truculent and sensitive a mood to heed any European counsel, mainly because of the failure of League intervention in the Manchurian dispute. This intervention was futile. It annoyed Japan, and created bitter feelings, which have not yet died down.

\* \* \*

Japan has now herself to blame for an ill-timed commitment. She was not really ready for a war of conquest, though no doubt she was preparing for it. She deserves no sympathy, nor is she getting much. China, on the other hand, had also been playing for time. Her Central Government is much stronger, and her military discipline and resources have improved in the last few years, and though not quite ready she is fully determined to defend herself against aggression.

The conquest of China is, therefore, doubtful. Japan can, and will, win important battles because she is better equipped and organised, better trained and better led. At the same time, local successes can never be decisive in such a large country as China, and as far as can be seen, they will merely result in a prolonged state of war and unrest in the Far East.

\* \* \*

On the nearest land frontiers Russia sits quietly watching operations, aware that Japan has deeply offended her too often in recent years, and aware, too, that her Communistic propaganda has made, and is making, great strides in China.

\* \* \*

Nearer home the European powers continue to look anxiously at Spain. Italy has again scuppered the latest British plan for non-intervention by insisting on the recognition of belligerent rights before the withdrawal of volunteers. Italy plays for time, and still seems confident that Franco will win.

During the "impasse" outside support is being given to both sides in the Spanish conflict, which has now developed into a slow rentless war of attrition.

The recent attempt of the Spanish Government forces to break the Insurgent circle in the vicinity of Brunete, west of Madrid, looked promising, but ended in failure, and Franco's counter-attacks, strengthened by reinforcements from the

Santander front, won back the greater part of the ground gained, leaving the Government troops with a useless salient. This was one of the most wasteful battles of the war.

\* \* \*

The Insurgents are gradually drawing in on Santander, and the fall of that port to internal conspirators has just been announced. The powers of resistance of the defenders are said to be much less than that of their more warlike neighbours, the Basques and the Asturians.

\* \* \*

At sea the Insurgent net has widened, and Franco is now sinking ships far from the Spanish coast. These naval activities, which include the torpedoing of a vessel in the Eastern Mediterranean, direct some suspicion on Italy, whose interferences in the near East have alarmed Britain.

The "Gentleman's Agreement" of last January between Italy and Britain was bearing little fruit, until recently taken up again in a more informal but apparently more effective manner through the exchange of letters between Chamberlain and Mussolini. Both countries are really in a quandary.

England wishes her Mediterranean rights to be respected, and wants no interference by radio propaganda or other means in Palestine and the near East. Italy is wildly anxious to see the Spanish Mediterranean coast line secured as an Insurgent seaboard, and also firmly asks for official recognition of her conquest of Abyssinia. Tension between Britain and Italy has certainly eased in the last month, but it is very obvious that solutions to these outstanding problems will neither be rapid nor easy.

\* \* \*

Italy and Germany are working in close harmony, though Germany appears to be quiet for the moment. Germany is actually taking advantage of the Spanish diversion to look one more at Austria, in the hope of reviving the *Anschluss*, or union of all the German-speaking states.

The Austrian National Socialist Party is fairly strong, and though opposed by the Austrian Government, definitely leans towards Hitler's cherished pan-German dream of unity.

Any such union would unsettle the central and Eastern European states, especially Czecho-Slovakia. A second Jewish pogrom, this time in Austria, would be bound to follow, and a reinforced Berlin-Rome axis, geographically united, would bring



the threat of a European war much nearer. Thus while Mussolini keeps the Spanish pot boiling, Hitler gains time to play with the most dangerous and war-provoking states in Europe.

One wonders wearily if it would not have been a better policy for the Allies of the Great War to have given Germany back her colonies, and later not to grudge Italy her foreign conquest, so that we might, at least, see some signs of peace in Europe.

\* \* \*

The 1936 London Naval Treaty between France, Britain, and the U.S.A. to limit sizes of ships and naval guns now includes Germany and Russia, who have both accepted the main clauses of the treaty with certain modifications dictated by their respective local conditions. These two countries have not come in directly, but through the means of two-sided pacts with Britain, as has been for some time expected. This is all to the good, and may put some limitation to the mad race in re-armaments.

\* \* \*

In Yugo-Slavia the Government ratification of the Concordat with the Vatican made some trouble, which appears to be exaggerated in press reports. The Concordat was bitterly opposed by the Patriarch of the Orthodox Church, who, ailing for some time, unfortunately died six hours after the ratification. Some rioting followed, and feeling is still tense, but the report of excommunication of all ministers and members of the Chamber of Deputies who voted for ratification is not confirmed.

\* \* \*

The British proposal for the partition of Palestine is being discussed both at Geneva and at the Zionist conference at Zurich. The rather sensible view that trouble is bound to arise while Jew and Arab mix, and that peace may ensue if they are separated, is now gaining strength. The Arab rulers outside Palestine remain neutral, with the exception of Iraq, whose Prime Minister expresses very anti-Jewish sentiments, and whose Moslem religious leaders threaten to excommunicate any future king or chief of the proposed new Arab state.

\* \* \*

In India Congress ministries have begun to function in six provinces, and they have lost no time in getting down to work.

As a matter of principle, Gandhi's ministers have accepted

cut salaries. They have legalised hitherto suppressed political organisations of Nationalist colour, and have released a large number of political prisoners. They are also immediately concerning themselves with the task of land reform, and consequent relief for the hard-pressed peasantry.

\* \* \*

In reviewing activities abroad we Irish may wonder if any benefit can accrue to ourselves beyond the advantage of being aware of what is happening in the outside world, and being passive about such affairs.

We might, perhaps, sometimes remember that our nearest neighbour exercises a powerful active interest in world affairs, and that such distractions, for we can view them as such, may be turned to our advantage, without any dangerous commitments, or surrender of national aspirations, and may be turned to the advantage of England, too.

For example, the pertinent questions of Sir Archibald Sinclair in the British House of Commons during the debate on the co-ordination of defence on 27th July, excluded all reference to this very important strategical island on which we live.

Now, to any Irishman acquainted even in small measure with defence and its intricacies, the thought must come that we might consider and soon, the possibilities of our playing what may be a trump card by fully exploiting our position as "The man on the ground," and behind the harbours, as the possessor of a rich storehouse of rations, and far fetched though it may seem even to those acquainted with the range of modern aeroplanes, as a truculent neutral air outpost on Britain's western aerial flank.

Such matters might be introduced in the agenda of any round table conference, where conditions of discussion, by their nature of equality, could not possibly give offence to any Irishman, whether he be out and out Republican, or, indeed, of any political grade between that and the most bitterly "loyal" (*sic*) of our "ascendancy" class.

JOHN LUCY



# THE ANGLO-IRISH TREATY

By JAMES HOGAN

THE state of war which had prevailed between Great Britain and Ireland since the declaration of the Irish Republic at the outset of 1919 was brought to a close by the truce declared on July 11th, 1921. Then came the signing of "the articles of agreement for a treaty between Great Britain and Ireland" in December. One thing, at least, is certain about the Anglo-Irish Treaty. It represented the biggest step taken by Great Britain to meet the claim of Nationalist Ireland since the Act of Renunciation of 1783, although it fell far short of meeting the full nationalist claim. The Civil War was to give the measure of its inadequacy. Here, however, I am touching on dangerous and debatable ground, and I will leave it immediately and come to the controversy which arose almost at once, and still continues, between the Irish and British Governments as to the status and implications of the treaty settlement of 1921-22. The issues involved have been considered by British, Irish, and Continental historians. The most notable contributions to the subject are to be found in F. Pakenham, *Peace by Ordeal*; Professor Berriedale Keith: *Letters on Imperial Relations*; L. Kohn: *Constitution of the Irish Free State*; R. Gallopin: *Le Conflit anglo-irlandais*; N. Mansergh: *The Irish Free State, Its Government and Politics*; Captain Harrison's closely reasoned *Ireland and the British Empire*, 1937, and, perhaps, most useful of all, Professor W. Hancock's *Survey of British Commonwealth Affairs*.

There are, therefore, abundant materials for a review of the legal and constitutional aspects of the subject, as distinguished from the wider question of national politics, which is, of course, vastly more complicated. What strikes the historian first of all is that although the Anglo-Irish settlement of 1921-22 was a

compromise, it was a compromise confined almost entirely to the realm of fact. There was no corresponding compromise in theory. The Irish representatives, it is true, accepted on behalf of Ireland the status of a British Dominion, but it never occurred to them that in doing so they were prejudicing Ireland's birth-right as an ancient mother nation, or that the moral right of the Irish people to make good in the future Ireland's sovereignty was in any way lessened. The contrary was the case. "This settlement," said Arthur Griffith during the treaty debate, "is no more a final settlement than this is the final generation," and for Collins it was acceptable because it seemed to him to secure "freedom to achieve freedom." The policy of the "stepping-stone" to the Republic, which has since fallen into disfavour with many supporters of the treaty, was unmistakably Collins' policy in 1921-22.

The British Government, on the other hand, sought to neutralise the British evacuation of 26 of the 32 counties of Ireland, and their separation, on a Dominion basis, from the United Kingdom by renewing the doctrine of the Supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, which had been last asserted in 1766 against the American Colonies. In the very act of evacuating two-thirds of Ireland, Great Britain, therefore, staked a theoretical claim to sovereignty in a form which antedated the Union. Like Napoleon, on the occasion of his first abdication, it was as if the British declared under their breath: "We abdicate, but yield nothing." Whatever then the practical advantages of the settlement, it failed to settle the question of principle, which was at the root of the struggle, that is, whether political authority in Ireland was of Irish or British origin. On this point the ancient cleavage persisted.

From the Irish point of view the peace negotiation was nothing if it was not a negotiation between the representatives of two sovereign powers. On the other hand, Sir Stafford Cripps, who cannot be credited with the usual English affection for the Monarchy, put the average British view clearly when, in 1932,



he referred to the treaty as the "so-called treaty," and went on to say "it was an agreement ; the sovereign could not make a treaty with himself."

Was the Treaty really a treaty? The question is of more than academic interest. In the first place, a treaty implies two sovereign, international entities contracting with each other on equal terms. The question whether the Anglo-Irish Treaty can claim to be of this character may be answered in one sentence. The official description of the Anglo-Irish agreement of 1921 : "Articles of agreement for a treaty between Great Britain and Ireland," coupled with the form in which it was concluded, leaves no doubt at all about its being, in the full sense of the word, a treaty of international relations. As early as 1922, such an eminent British constitutional authority as Prof. Berriedale Keith, expressed the view that the official description of the Anglo-Irish Treaty implied recognition of Ireland as a "sovereign power."

In recent years there has been a tendency to improvise a distinction between international and domestic treaties, the Anglo-Irish Treaty being relegated to the latter category. The distinction is a new one, and has all the appearance of having been adopted by British jurists with a view to divesting the treaty of its international character without destroying its contractual character. For in consequence of the Statute of Westminster of 1931 it became convenient for the British Government to defend the treaty as a contract which could only be altered by mutual agreement.

If it be granted that it takes sovereign authorities to make a treaty, and that the British Government committed itself by the form of the articles of agreement to a recognition of the sovereignty of the other contracting party, which, in Ireland, is held to have been the Irish Republic, what, it may be asked, would be the position were the treaty abrogated? Logically, Ireland would revert to the Republican status, which by an act of sovereignty had been exchanged for the status of a British

Dominion in 1921. On the other hand, Great Britain could not logically claim a return to the United Kingdom, since the position should be precisely what it was at the time the treaty was signed, that is to say, a position of mutual independence. It would, of course, be open to Great Britain to carry out her original threat of waging "immediate and terrible war," but such a war would be an act of aggression, and this time it would not be a matter of putting down a rebellion, but of making war on a foreign enemy entitled to the exercise of the laws of war. It need hardly be remarked, however, that in time of war governments do not go to the law courts or to text-books of international law for their policies.

The truth is that the British Government committed itself to the unprecedented step of making a treaty with men, who, in the eyes of British law, were subjects in rebellion, and, subsequently, recoiled from the position into which they had landed themselves of legitimising by implication the Irish struggle for independence. The antithesis between the British legal theory and ours was disguised at the outset by the practical limitations set by the treaty to Irish sovereignty—afterwards anomalously and unnecessarily written into the constitution—as well as by the manner in which the treaty was implemented. The international character of the transaction sprang from its form rather than from its substance.

Throughout the actual negotiations, as in the substance of the articles of agreement, the British studiously avoided all words and actions which could be construed as a recognition of Ireland's *de jure* sovereignty. Nevertheless, in the making of peace as of war *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*, and reasons of policy had caused the British Government to take the first step. The declaration of a truce in July, the formula for a negotiation which resulted from the preliminary manœuvring for theoretical position between Mr. de Valera and Mr. Lloyd George—"with a view to ascertaining how the *association* of Ireland with the community of nations known as the British Empire may best



be reconciled with the Irish national aspirations," and, finally, the form in which the treaty was concluded, amounted to acceptance by the British Government of the claim put forward by the Irish representatives to make terms for an united and sovereign Ireland. At the same time, it must be admitted, the formula of negotiation presupposed a settlement short of an isolated Irish republic. On this point the word *association* seems to be conclusive.

In the summer of 1921 the British Government was confronted with the necessity of making a clear-cut decision. Either they must embark on the reconquest of Ireland in the face of a public opinion becoming increasingly hostile at home as well as abroad, or they must waive the canons of constitutional and political orthodoxy and make an attempt to come to terms with the revolutionary Irish Government. The same dilemma had arisen in a more acute form in 1782, when the British Government entered on the treaty negotiation which resulted in the recognition of the independence of the revolting American Colonies. For anything resembling the situation of 1921 in Irish history one has to go back to the Treaty of Limerick or, perhaps, a closer parallel would be the treaty which Lord Glamorgan made, on behalf of Charles the First, with the Irish Confederates in 1645. The latter was a secret treaty and was immediately repudiated by Charles, but the Irish treaty had been proclaimed to the world with a flourish of trumpets, and before the ink was well dry to have announced that it was only a treaty in a metaphorical sense of the word would have created an impression unfavourable to Great Britain. Besides, at this stage the British signatories do not seem to have been clear in their own minds about the exact status of the settlement. They gave evidence of decided uneasiness and uncertainty when asked in Parliament why the settlement had been negotiated as if it were an international agreement between independent nations, and, if not, why it was styled a treaty.

Mr. Churchill, one of the British signatories, justified the procedure as "closing an episode," implying that international or revolutionary relations were now to give way to imperial relations, while the British Attorney-General accused his critics of "constitutional pedantry." The evasive attitude of British ministers may have been partly due to the fact that in 1922 the fate of the treaty was still in the balance. A false step, an injudicious statement from a British minister, the suggestion, for example, that the agreement bore the form and title of a treaty merely by courtesy, as a concession to Irish sentiment, was bound to have provoked an immediate reaction in Ireland, and might well have been the cause of throwing the situation back into the melting pot. But a year later the Civil War was over, the treaty and the constitution were in operation, and, in the altered circumstances, spokesmen of the British Government made no concealment of the fact that, as far as they were concerned, the negotiation of 1921 was nothing more than a conference preliminary to the real business of the British Parliament legislating for Ireland. Treaty or no treaty, the root of political authority in Ireland was the British Parliament. This doctrine was at once new and old, new in the sense that Ireland of the Union, being represented in the British Parliament, had shared in the exercise of its legislative supremacy, old in the sense that it goes back past the Declaratory Act of 1719 to the Commonwealth Parliament of 1649, the first English Parliament which expressly enunciated the doctrine of English parliamentary supremacy in Ireland. Ireland "belonging to the 'People of England' is to be governed by the 'Supreme Authority of the Nation, the Representatives of the People in Parliament.'" In the same year, Cromwell came in person to Ireland to deliver this ultimatum of his fellow-regicides.

It is a remarkable fact that in the act of withdrawing from the greater part of Ireland three hundred years later, British lawyers should have reverted to an archaic legalism according to which the Irish people were held to be the property of the



British Parliament. No one is at such a loss in face of a revolution as the lawyer. It is as much a scandal in his eyes as a miracle would be in the eyes of a rationalist. Rather than adjust themselves to the revolutionary realities of 1919–21, British lawyers set themselves to the task of anglicising and legalising these realities in conformity with the ill-omened doctrine of 1649.

By comparison the Irish doctrine is the essence of realism. The Irish appeal was to natural right, that is to say, to the inherent sovereignty of the Irish people. Through revolution that sovereignty had achieved a partial actualisation. It had, at least, reached the point of rendering British Government in Ireland ineffective. The spokesmen of Ireland did not appeal to legalities. Revolutions are, by definition, outside the law.

The conflict of doctrines complicated the process by which the treaty settlement was implemented. The treaty was signed on the 6th December, 1921, approved by the House of Commons on the 14th December, and by the House of Lords on the 19th. Articles 17 and 18, which provided for the transition from the existing situation to the future dominion régime, appear, in the light of subsequent British interpretations to have been intended to switch the treaty settlement from the dangerous track of international relations into the safe and well-worn track of British statute law. At the time they were regarded in Ireland as, in part, a concession to the British desire to avoid recognition of Dáil Éireann. The contentious question, it may be remarked, whether the Republic was, or was not, constitutionally disestablished does not arise in the present discussion, which is concerned solely with the question whether, as a matter of our external relations with Great Britain, the doctrine of national sovereignty was maintained.

The treaty which the delegates brought back from London contained no mention of Dáil Éireann. It was to be submitted for approval not to Dáil Éireann, but "to a meeting summoned for the purpose of the members elected to sit in the House of Commons of Southern Ireland." Contrary to the impression

existing at the time this body was not the Government of Southern Ireland, which, if it existed, would have derived its existence from the Parliament of Ireland Act, 1920, popularly and appositely called the Partition Act.

It will be remembered that on the 7th January, 1922, the treaty was approved by a small majority in Dáil Éireann. A week later, Mr. Arthur Griffith, as Chairman of the Irish Delegation, convened the deputies of the 26 counties for the purpose of approving the treaty and appointing the Provisional Government. That in doing so Mr. Griffith acted on a mandate from the Dáil is a claim which has frequently been challenged by opponents of the treaty. There can, however, be no doubt that he acted with the "licence" of the Dáil, to give the term employed by Mr. de Valera at the time. At all events, this "meeting" or assembly, which consisted of the deputies who had already voted for the acceptance of the treaty in the Dáil, together with the four Trinity College deputies, was certainly not identical with the Parliament of Southern Ireland contemplated by the Act of 1920. It was not bicameral, nor was it summoned by the Lord Lieutenant, nor did its members take the oath enjoined in that Act. It got its authority not from the Government of Ireland Act, 1920, but directly from articles 17 and 18 of the Treaty, and indirectly from the Dáil, and in that sense it was, at least, the creation of the representatives of Ireland acting on equal terms with those of England. It was the creature of a compromise, but the compromise being one of international relations cannot be held to have compromised national sovereignty, except in so far as it was a denial of national unity. For the real defect in this body was that it represented only the 26 counties.

Still, the whole procedure was oddly fictitious. For the whole world knew, and not least the English signatories, that the real decision concerning the treaty lay with Dáil Éireann. If it was rejected there, this particular assembly and the Provisional Government would have never been heard of. Undoubtedly,



Articles 17 and 18 created an awkward situation, and it is not surprising that the opponents of the treaty should have seen in them a breach of national theory. The consequence was the dual system of government which existed from January 15th to the meeting of the Third Dáil on the 9th September, the Provisional Government functioning for the purpose of taking over from the British administration in the 26 counties, Dáil Éireann functioning for the Republic of Ireland.

Because the treaty set up a new State it had to be translated into Irish law. But why was it enacted from A to Z by the British Parliament? Was the British Parliament giving it legislative effect in the same sense, for example, as it gave legislative effect to certain sections of the Treaty of Versailles, that is, as a matter of administrative convenience. On the contrary, we learn from the judgment of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of 1935 that the British Parliament was actually making the Treaty and the Free State.

It does not belong to legislatures to conclude or terminate an international agreement of the quality of a treaty. The treaty-making power is a function of the executive, and belonging to the external relations of a State, the contracting parties are not, as a rule, under any obligation to adopt the agreement between them into their municipal law. By "municipal law" jurists mean the law of each state, as distinct from international law. The most notable exception to this rule is the United States of America, which is required by its Constitution to do so. The point is that the validity of a treaty is in no way dependent upon its adoption into the municipal law of the contracting states. Where there is a provision to that effect, as there was in the Anglo-Irish Treaty, it is for the purpose of enforcing or implementing the agreement. It does not make the agreement any more real or binding than it was from the first. An international agreement, then, derives its validity not from legal obligations created in the internal sphere of municipal law but from obligations of a moral and political

character created in the external sphere of international relations and law. It stands to reason that it could not be otherwise, for a treaty, being by definition an agreement between international entities, they cannot exercise jurisdiction in the territory of each other. Their domestic or municipal law is entirely their own concern.

The Anglo-Irish Treaty was mutually binding and valid from the moment it was signed, valid but not operative, that is to say, its operation was made conditional upon its being sanctioned and being given legislative effect by the Irish and British Parliaments. The Treaty of Versailles, for example, was valid from the moment it was signed by the contracting parties at Paris in 1919. Its terms did not come into operation all at once, and although subsequently the British Parliament gave legislative effect to certain sections for administrative purposes, no one has ever dreamed of suggesting that the obligations of the British Government to the other signatories of the Versailles Treaty could, therefore, be repealed by the British Parliament.

Yet, according to the British view, the settlement euphemistically called a treaty dates effectively, not from the signatures of the 6th December or its subsequent approval by the parliamentary bodies. It dates from the enactment by the British Parliament in March, 1922, of the Irish Free State (Agreement) Act. The treaty itself is set forth in a schedule to this Act, sub-section 1, of which reads: it "shall have the force of law as from the date of the passing of this Act." By the Irish Free State Constitution Act of the following December the British Parliament is supposed to have similarly given Ireland a constitution. The constitution, it is true, had been enacted in the same terms by the Constituent Assembly called Third Dáil Éireann some weeks previously, but from the British point of view, the Third Dáil was mistaken in regarding itself as the author of the Constitution of Saorstát Éireann. The Irish might play at constitution-making. But the real constitution makers were at Westminster.



Professor O'Rahilly puts the whole position in a nutshell in his recent pamphlet, *Thoughts on the Constitution* :

"In British law the so-called treaty is validated solely by a British Act ; any previous discussion and signatures were merely a preliminary pow-wow to help in drafting what was subsequently to be put into an Act. According to the Judicial Committee, the Irish Free State (Agreement) Act passed in Westminster in 1922, gave no power to 'the House of Parliament' to enact a Constitution for the Irish Free State. That is, we have no Constitution in the strict sense ; we have never had a Constituent Assembly at all. In British law, what we call Third Dáil Éireann never existed as a sovereign constituent body ; it merely made suggestions as to what should be inserted in the schedule to a subsequent British Act."

Curiously enough, extremes meeting, the Judicial Committee's view of the pedigree of the Irish Free State is almost identical with that of Miss MacSwiney. As the most authoritative and recent definition of the British view, it may be allowed to speak for itself. -

"In their opinion the Constituent Act and the Constitution of the Irish Free State derive their validity from the Act of the Imperial Parliament, the Irish Free State Constitution Act, 1922. This Act established that the Constitution, subject to the provisions of the Constituent Act, should be the Constitution of the Irish Free State, and should come into operation upon being proclaimed by His Majesty, as was done on the 6th December, 1922. The action of the (Irish) House of Parliament was thereby ratified ; apart from such ratification that body had no authority to make a Constitution. All the authority it originally possessed was derived from the Irish Free State (Agreement) Act, 1922 . . . , (which) only gave the House of Parliament jurisdiction to make laws in respect of matters within the jurisdiction of the Provisional Government."

And, again :

"Thus the treaty received the force of law, both in the United Kingdom and in Ireland, by reason of the passing of an Act of the Imperial Parliament ; and the Constitutional Act owed its validity to the same authority." (Moore v. Attorney-General for the Irish Free State—Irish Reports, 1935).

The British Government had, on this view, absolutely the whip hand of Ireland until the passing of the Statute of Westminster in 1931. The Judicial Committee found the Free State to be of pure British lineage and its judgment implied the same right of the British Parliament to bind Ireland by its acts as had formerly been asserted by the Commonwealth Parliament and

by the Declaratory Act (called that of the sixth of George the First) of 1719. It was open to the British Parliament to repeal or amend the constitution or treaty at any time it should see fit to do so. The Free State Parliament, on the other hand, could not alter a comma in them. They were, on this view, British laws, and by the Colonial Laws Validity Act a dominion legislature was precluded from passing a law at variance with British statute law.

The British legal theory violates the historical facts by ignoring them and cannot even be said to possess the merit of self-consistency. There is no need to labour any further the inherent contradiction involved in concluding an agreement in the form and with the title of an agreement of international relations, and subsequently denying its international character. British ministers have shown a decided disinclination to push the legalistic view to its logical conclusion in the manner of the Judicial Committee. One or two of them, Lord Haldane, and, to some extent, even Lord Birkenhead, were inclined to accept the Treaty as really a treaty despite the consequences. Captain Harrison, in his analysis of the position, has shown the impossibility of reconciling the British view not only with the facts but with the forms of the British legislative and judicial process arising out of Anglo-Irish relations between 1922 and 1929. Nor has the attitude of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council itself been consistent throughout. A judgment of 1929 seems to imply recognition of the Third Dáil as the Constituent Assembly from which originated the Irish Constitution, whereas in 1935, as we have seen, the Constitution is deemed by the same body to have been passed not in Dublin but in Westminster. But, perhaps, the most fatal objection to the British thesis is the fact that articles 2 and 12 of the Constitution, which, we are told, was imposed upon us by the British Parliament on the strength of its legislative supremacy, declared the people of Ireland to be the original source of political authority, and invested the Oireachtas with the sole



and exclusive power of making laws. It has never been explained how the British Parliament by virtue of its sovereignty could pass an act, the terms of which repudiated that sovereignty. There are limits to what even the British Parliament can do. It cannot, we may suppose, repeal the law of contradiction.

The first clash between the British interpretation and ours occurred over the registration of the Treaty at Geneva in 1924. It was registered, despite the objection of the British Government, by the Secretary General of the League. The Free State was carrying out its obligations under Article 18 of the Covenant, which reads : " Every treaty, or international agreement entered into hereafter by any member of the League shall be forthwith registered, and shall, as soon as possible, be published by it. No such treaty or international engagement shall be binding until so registered." The registration of the Treaty not only meant the recognition of Ireland as a separate international personality by the states of the League but implied that the Covenant could be invoked by the Irish Free State in the case of a dispute with Great Britain. The British Government expressly objected to the implication, which was contained in the recognition of Ireland's international status, that the relations *inter se* of members of the British Commonwealth fell within the scope of international law.

The dispute had a sequel two years later, when the Imperial Conference, at the instance of the British Government, was induced to make a recommendation against the treaty type of relationship, applying, as it would, by virtue of international law, as between members of the Commonwealth : " where international agreements are to be applied between different parts of the Empire, the forms of a treaty between heads of states shall be avoided." No mention was made of the Anglo-Irish treaty, but undoubtedly the foregoing recommendation was made with it in mind. From the British point of view it was little short of disastrous that the settlement with Ireland had taken the form of a treaty. Whether or not British law

officers succeeded to their own satisfaction in watering down the treaty element in the transaction to nothing, the fact remained that the Anglo-Irish treaty had been instrumental in introducing the action of international law into Commonwealth or Imperial relations, and if the international principle should become generalised in virtue of the principle of the co-equal status of the Dominions, the danger was that the Imperial principle would be swallowed up and the British Commonwealth of Nations ultimately assimilated to the general society of nations. The question of the submission of Inter-Commonwealth disputes to the Permanent Court of International Justice brought the the issue of International *versus* Imperial relations to a head in 1929. And, again, the Irish Free State left no doubt about its attitude by accepting unreservedly the jurisdiction of the Permanent Court in all disputes of a legal character whether arising within or without the Commonwealth. The Court is a tribunal of strict international law. To admit the competence of the Court in a dispute is, therefore, to admit that the dispute is one of international law. With the exception of the Irish Free State, Great Britain and the Dominions withheld disputes between themselves from the jurisdiction of the Court, although Canada and South Africa stated their reservation to be, not a matter of principle, but a matter of policy. In making its reservation the British Government appealed to the common allegiance of the Dominions to the Crown in support of the contention that the relations *inter se* of members of the Commonwealth could not be regarded as international.

The issue arose again three years later when, in 1932, Mr. de Valera refused to accept the restriction of the proposed board of arbitration in the dispute over the Land Annuities to the Commonwealth, and insisted on the dispute being submitted to the Permanent Court or to some international tribunal. In default of a direct negotiation with the British Government, had he acted otherwise he would have been going back on the principle which his predecessors had persistently maintained,



namely, that our external relations are governed by international law.

Our concern here has been with the national theory and not with the practical limitations to which, it has, of course, been subjected. The occupation of Northern France by the German armies from 1914 to 1918 limited but did not extinguish the sovereignty of France. What we have been considering is the national theory, and, on the whole, it may be said that only in so far as unity is implied in sovereignty have Irish Governments deviated from the national theory since 1921. The defect of the body which was called into existence to approve the Treaty in January, 1921, and of the provisional government which it appointed, was its restriction to the 26 counties. And the same criticism may be applied to the agreement of 1925 between the Irish Free State and Great Britain and Northern Ireland, whereby Partition was accepted in law. Otherwise the national doctrine has been preserved intact.

The declaration of a truce, the signing of a treaty by the representatives of Dáil Éireann, its approval by the same parliament, the establishment of a Constitution by the authority of the sovereign Irish people, the subsequent registration of the treaty at Geneva, the Free State's adherence to the Permanent Court of International Justice, have rightly been regarded by the German and French jurists, who have considered the question, as guaranteeing beyond doubt, both in substance and in law, the separate international personality of Saorstát Éireann, the complete international character of its relations with Great Britain. The fullness of the national doctrine which has governed political development since 1919 has yet to be translated into reality for the whole of Ireland. It is, however, the fundamental law administered in the courts of the twenty-six counties. The judgments of the Supreme Court and of the High Court have affirmed the constitution proclaimed by Dáil Éireann in virtue of the powers conferred on it by the sovereign Irish people to be the one and only root

of political authority and constitutional law in Ireland. There remains, of course, the final appeal to the dictates of natural law against the aberrations of national or international law. The Dáil Éireann adverted to in these judgments of 1925, 1927, 1933 is the Constituent Assembly called Third Dáil Éireann, and doubtless the same theory of the source of the fundamental law of the State would be applied to the New Constitution.

The irony of the situation is that in the long run the British legalistic interpretation recoiled on its authors. It became a boomerang with the Statute of Westminster of 1931. This Statute, which was passed by the British Parliament on the authority of the Commonwealth as a whole, repealed the Colonial Laws Validity Act and empowered the Dominions to amend or repeal any Act of the British Parliament in so far as it affected them. The legislative independence of the Dominion legislatures was thereby established beyond question. From this time onwards it was within the competence of the Free State legislature to repeal or amend the constitution or treaty, and unless the British turned a *volte face* and claimed for the treaty an international, quasi-international, or otherwise contractual character, inconsistent with their previous interpretation of it, they would be left without any right to object or complain. To reconcile the two views was impossible. Yet there was no other way of defending the British position, if the Irish should proceed to alter the treaty or constitution, than to appeal to the sanctity of treaty obligations. It would be illogical, but is not an Olympian superiority to logic one of the qualities of Anglo-Saxon statesmanship, the quality of the national genius to which Mr. Stanley Baldwin recently attributed England's greatness?

The outcome was the strange blend of righteousness, sophistry and inconsistency which characterised the contentions of the British Government in the constitutional controversy with Mr. de Valera. The inconsistency of the British position has been criticised by British historians. The most recent of them,

Professor W. K. Hancock, in his objective and impartial survey of the subject, remarks apropos of the Annuities dispute :

“ At one moment, for example, in the matter of ratification, it was appealing to the doctrine of international law ; at the next it was denying the propriety of international procedure. The fervour of its appeal to the sanctity of treaties might always be challenged by the reminder of the reluctance ten years ago and on many occasions since, to admit that the articles of the agreement signed in December, 1921, *were* a treaty.”

JAMES HOGAN



# GUGLIELMO MARCONI

THE daily press has so amply fulfilled its function in telling the triumphs of Marconi's career that one need not now retell the tale. To the Irish the salient point of interest is that his mother was of our race. To her belongs the credit justifying a mother's belief in her son's ideals by her encouragement and her aid in winning over to his assistance those in a position to aid his work.

Our country cannot claim to have participated in the development of wireless communication, except in a small way at the start. Some of the earliest experiments were made in Dublin Bay. It is, of course, of "Clifden, Ireland" that we read in histories of wireless, but Clifden was chosen for much the same reason that Foynes is now adopted as a transatlantic air base.

From a scientific standpoint it was often said that Marconi *only applied* the ideas of others to practical uses. Those scientists who gloried in the "purity" and "uselessness" of their researches in the last generation have almost all been forgotten. They were the men who were ousted by the onset of Planck, Einstein and Bohr, whose "pure" scientific theories form the theoretical vanguard of the army of modern applied scientists. To-day there are few branches of Physics in which commercial application is not abreast and, indeed, often forms a part of the purely scientific advance.

Marconi was one of the first and possibly the greatest of applied scientists. His peculiar genius was, not for the exploration of new territories of scientific fact, but for the fertile exploitation of those already found. Without others to widen the range of possibilities, no doubt, Marconi's success would have ceased at Clifden: without Marconi, we would never have reached Clifden, but would still be with Hertz in Zurich.

It is with a sad thought for Irishmen that I conclude. The first experiments on the emission of electricity from a hot wire were made in Cambridge by a young Irish student—McClelland. He passed on to other, to him more interesting inquiries, and it remained for Richardson, Fleming and De Forrest to follow up this phenomenon. Thus it is in science. We scientists are surely the original men who missed the tide!

J. J. DOWLING

# THE IRISH BOURGEOISIE AND THE SOCIAL QUESTION

By FRANK O'BRIEN

RECENT events have focussed attention on the aims, methods and philosophy—or the want of it—of the Irish Labour Party. As this attention took a very critical turn, it cannot have been very welcome to the Labour leaders, for it revealed that their inability to formulate an independent social policy suited to the character and culture of this country had left them dependent to a dangerous degree on the philosophy of international socialism.

At the same time, some well-meaning critics allowed their very reasonable fear of Socialism to smother their discretion and charity to such an extent that they rather over-stressed this fact. They were even led into unjustly imputing ulterior—if not treacherous—motives to labour leaders. The truth is, of course, that those of the latter, whose social creed is unorthodox, were not altogether aware of the fact. Their upbringing and environment have conduced to the development of neither critical nor original minds; nor have their experiences in their dealings with the propertied classes been such as to foster respect for private property.

While Labour thus receives more than its fair share of criticism for the methods it favours to obtain its due, there is another important class of society which is seldom criticised by these self-appointed guardians of orthodoxy for the manner in which it discharges its social responsibilities—if it can be said to discharge them at all.

The Irish upper middle-class is a very curious one. It scarcely accords even tacit recognition to its own existence. It is not founded on blood but on either birth into it, ability or wealth. The hall-mark of true membership—not altogether reliable—

is education at one of the higher grade and more expensive secondary schools. It is split into two great vertical divisions, fundamentally political, but religious in demarcation. Its individual members are not, generally speaking, wealthy, but the class owns the greater part of the non-agricultural private property in the country. Such learning and civilisation as exist in Ireland are almost monopolised by it. Not an exclusive caste, it is open to all who can validate their claims to membership by successful exercise of talent or acquisition of wealth and who possess the necessary minimum of culture and good manners. The peak of our ranked democracy, its truly democratic character is attested by a multitude of poor relations. The latter feature, combined with its extensive business and cultural connections, make it the best-informed class in the whole community. This wide information, combined with its wealth and education, make it potentially, if not actually, the most powerful part of the nation. If the farmers are the country's back-bone, the upper middle-class constitute its brain and nervous system.

This bourgeoisie, so comparatively blessed with the enjoyment of prosperity and power, talent and culture, has in our time tended to hoard its gifts and play for safety. Local administrative bodies and the great charitable, devotional and apostolic societies—apart from the religious orders—are almost exclusively manned by the petit-bourgeoisie and the more affluent of the proletariat. Pearse, Griffith and Collins, the three great leaders of resurgent Ireland, relied on men of the same type and on the peasantry. It is from these classes that the theatre of politics derives its ideals, its force, and many of its actors. To this cause is attributed its uncompromising character (not altogether an evil feature), its lack of subtlety and magnanimity, and its clumsy handling of Anglo-Irish affairs.

If the upper middle-class had taken a less retiring and more honourable part in the conduct of our national affairs some regrettable chapters in our modern history might never have



had to be recorded, and the contemporary state of Ireland might be far happier than it is. I venture the opinion that hopes for a satisfactory solution of the social question, for an advantageous closing of our age-old account with England, and for the future stability and prosperity of Ireland as a nation and a state depend on the willingness of men of intellect and education to discharge the public duties to which their state in life calls them. The revolutionary momentum from which our young state has hitherto derived its energy is dying away. Unless its place is taken by a sober spirit of public service, the social fabric will rot with political corruption or collapse before the fury of a misgoverned, misled, and desperate people.

While these perils menace the community upon which their prosperity—indeed, their very existence as a class—depends, the comfortable and the well-to-do lead tranquil and well-ordered lives in their quiet tree-lined suburban roads, insulated from the shocks sustained by the body politic. In the absorbing course of business and pleasure, of courts, offices, shops and factories, on the golf course or doing Grafton Street, in the car, at the pictures or in the Gresham, the vicissitudes of the nation go almost unheeded by these latter-day Olympians except when they occasion inconvenience to themselves or provide opportunity for contemptuous criticism of the men—less urbane perhaps, but more earnest—who have devoted themselves to the work of government. Lines which occur in the “Lotus Eaters” spring to the mind:

“For they lie beside their nectar . . . and the clouds are lightly curl’d  
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world.”

That some twinges of conscience are felt regarding this matter is evidenced by the increasing frequency of appeals for social service made at the annual School Union meetings. Beyond inspiring a pitifully small minority to undertake a few religious or formally charitable works, these appeals, like many other speeches, have accomplished little more than to inspire quite unjustified sentiments of self-esteem and mutual regard,

enabling members to eat the annual dinner with easier and more mellow minds. These fumbling, inadequate, and vicarious futilities, however, do spring from an awakened social conscience.

The cause of its futility of expression is historical. It arises from the fact that the Catholic upper middle-class is a largely modern institution, unsure of itself and without a civic tradition. The former ascendancy in one way or another denied it the opportunities and encouragement to take its proper part in public administration. Its patriotism was restrained by the consideration that it had, in a material sense, everything to lose and little to gain by revolution. Its altruism has, therefore, found expression in terms of religious charity only.

Charitable schemes are very necessary, right and proper and a great extension of them is desirable. The men of influence and position, however, who often stand sponsor to them tend to overlook the duties imposed on them by their circumstances and to imagine that their share in these good works represents the complete discharge of their social obligations. They are inclined to think of the moral law as a negative thing and that, so long as they do not grind the faces of the poor after the manner of the melodramatic villain they are duly keeping to the straight and narrow path. In their private lives some are exemplary and the solid respectability of many inspires the respect of their fellow-men. At the same time they run their business with little regard for moral considerations. The conditions of work in their establishments, the rates of pay and such matters are often regarded from a purely economic standpoint. Some employers are frequently absent from their work, or otherwise neglect it, with the result, that a greater or less number of their employees are dismissed owing to a decrease of orders. Strikes result and the union leaders are told that slackness of business necessitated staff reductions. They manifest little or no interest in public affairs and do not seem to have ever heard that patriotism and citizenship are moral

duties. What a contrast to the heroic fidelity to the first of these manifested on many occasions by the humbler members of the nation. And after all this, when some ignorant but justly angry working-man begins to rant about the Workers' Republic, they will raise their hands in shocked surprise and refer to some Encyclical which they have not bothered to read themselves.

The Encyclicals on the Social Order are addressed more to them than to the workers. It is they, owners of property, investors in joint stock companies, shopkeepers and merchants, directors of industrial and financial enterprises, lawyers, economists and scholars who possess both the means of production, distribution and exchange, and the knowledge, the training and the power to study their working and devise reforms. The worker cannot do so. He is only the helpless victim of the system's abuses. The Church neither can nor ought to, for this task is not in itself religious. It is a practical work to be done by the man on the spot. Religion indicates its moral necessity. It is for experience, science and secular power to accomplish it.

FRANK O'BRIEN



## “ANTIOCHUS GOT AN AGUE . . .”

There was nothing to warn me  
when birds handled outsize winds  
while a road sped from the bridge  
into another world  
that a woman would become a statue  
robed in patient moss

There was nothing in subtle argument  
when you came  
in a brown-earth dress  
with a rainbow around your shoulders  
to maim an intention  
firm before my birth

How should I have forseen  
the sidelong dreamer of dreams  
in your offered lips  
striking a medal  
and your hand  
throwing stars on the night

But to have come to this  
tea-shop explanation of no fault  
is to have built  
with clay  
the fine pedestal  
for self-reproach

You worked well  
to assume gold  
when you left me honour in old age  
the right to be peevish  
and in this meantime the points  
that swerve me with seaweeds to your door

You had been made  
in the old style  
not half so well

I were perhaps now content  
with some important song  
to a dead woman's eyes

You must have your triumph  
In this

The threads endure  
so woven wilfully  
that no song lightens my road but of swine screaming  
since your image closed the eyelid on the eye

# HOSPITALS AND THEIR ADMINISTRATION IN IRELAND

By DONAL McCARTHY

THE Hospital system in Ireland has, until recent years, followed very closely on that of England, whilst that of the United States of America may be said to be based on both. Broadly speaking, the system might be said to have been largely based on voluntary effort. As was to be expected this effort found its greatest expression in the larger cities whilst the smaller towns and rural areas were indifferently catered for, if at all. This system is in marked contrast to that existing on the European continent, where although Voluntary Hospitals do exist, they do not occupy the position of importance, particularly as regards Medical teaching, held by the State and Municipal Hospitals, which are usually developed to a very high degree.

In these islands the State has been reluctant to interfere in Hospital development. In many instances, however, it has intervened and the Infirmary Act passed in the latter half of the last century was an attempt by the State to provide hospital accommodation in centres where it was urgently required and where Voluntary effort had failed to provide it. The Infirmaries provided under these Acts in such centres as Cork, Galway, Limerick, Waterford and a number of other towns, although largely financed by public funds, first by the old grand juries and later by the County Councils, did preserve in a large measure the characteristics of the Voluntary Hospital system as distinct from state or municipal institutions. These latter were best represented by certain types of Special Hospitals, such as Fever and Mental Hospitals, and as such were subject to a considerable amount of State supervision. The Workhouses, happily abolished in 1923, did contain hospital accommodation, but of a very indifferent character.

With the abolition of the Workhouse system in Ireland in 1923, may be said to date the real beginning by the State to stimulate a more active interest in the provision of better hospital accommodation. Local Boards of Guardians were abolished and each County Administrative area was, in respect of Poor Law and Public Health, placed in charge of a special statutory body, the Board of Health and Public Assistance. These Boards are charged with providing adequate hospital accommodation for all poor persons needing it in their areas.

Under the 1923 Act many of the County Infirmaries were taken over by the Boards of Health in their area, and were either closed or converted to more suitable hospital institutions. In the majority of cases, however, one of the Local Workhouses transferred to the Board of Health was converted to a General Surgical Hospital, whilst others became smaller District Hospitals and still others became County Homes. County Councils were empowered to appoint County Surgeons and other staff to these hospitals, and such were the beginnings of the State or Local Authority Hospital system as we know it to-day.

From these introductory remarks it will be seen that at the time the Hospital Sweepstakes came into existence there were two hospital systems in the country, one Voluntary and situated mainly in the principal cities, the other State and widespread throughout the country. The Voluntary Hospitals constituted the main teaching centres for doctors and nurses and as such, and also in view of their gradual development over a century and more, were the hospitals where the highest standard of medical and surgical treatment was to be found. The County and District Hospitals situated far from teaching centres, only of comparatively recent growth, badly equipped and by reason of their distance from medical centres, not staffed to anything like the extent of the Voluntary Hospitals, usually undertook only the treatment of grave emergencies, whilst the majority of cases continued to be sent to the Voluntary Hospitals. They



had one great theoretical advantage over the Voluntary Hospitals in that their maintenance was guaranteed out of the rates, whilst the latter were dependent, to a very large extent, on voluntary support. Any effort, however, to bring the quality of the accommodation or the standard of treatment into line with that obtaining in the Voluntary Hospitals would necessitate such an expenditure that the increase in the rates occasioned thereby would not be tolerated by the public, so that the advantage was more apparent than real.

The Sweepstakes were initiated by the Voluntary Hospitals. Their immediate success brought the much-needed financial assistance and with it a not inconsiderable amount of capital expenditure, the advisability of which was at least debatable. At this stage the hospitals distributed the proceeds of each Sweepstake amongst themselves. An amending piece of legislation transferred this responsibility to the Minister for Justice, acting on the advice of a Committee of Reference charged to examine the needs of *each hospital*. Each year saw some new amendments to the existing legislation—the most notable being the reservation to himself by the Minister for Local Government and Public Health of a third of the proceeds of each Sweepstake to be devoted to the hospitals under his control, namely, the County, District, Mental and Fever Hospitals—until in 1933, the Public Hospitals Act was passed. The most outstanding feature of this Act was the creation of an altogether new principle in respect of the manner in which the monies derived for hospitals from the Sweepstakes should be distributed. Hitherto the guiding principle for distribution was the need of the hospitals. Under the 1933 Act it is the hospital needs of the people that is paramount and a Commission was provided for to investigate these needs and report and make recommendations on them to the Minister for Local Government and Public Health, who is now charged with the distribution of the funds.

This Commission has reported to the Minister and its report contains many recommendations deeply affecting the future of

many hospitals in the larger centres and, indeed, throughout the country. The report was the result of slightly over one year's examination of hospital problems; doubtless further reports will continue to be made from time to time.

This First General Report, published in 1936, shows more strikingly than any other thing, the chaotic and thoroughly unsatisfactory condition of hospitals and their administration and the vast possibilities opened up by the inception of the sweepstakes idea to come to the hospitals' aid. *And it must be admitted that even with our awakened social consciousness, and the rapid acceleration and expansion of social services, the present accepted financial machinery and revenue position could not for many years have permitted the magnificent co-ordinated schemes proposed by the Commission to be put into effect.*

Practically every aspect of hospital activity and public health has been exhaustively dealt with in the Report. As it has been over a year before the public there is no need to deal here with it, but the Commission's proposals and the future outlook will, it is hoped, find place in a further article. A few random subjects may be mentioned to show the range covered by the Report, such as the geographical re-distribution of hospitals on rational lines without county administration delimitations, maternity needs and the proper ratio to gynaecological needs, children's hospitals, X-ray therapy and the available radium in the country, the incidence and trends of tuberculosis and cancer, medical research, etc. The Report is veritably a mine of information for those whom this article may stimulate to a deeper investigation.

Some subjects partially dealt with in the Report, such as Social Service, would warrant separate treatment altogether, but, this apart, it is hoped in an ensuing article to deal with the very thorny and delicate subject of municipalization of hospitals in Dublin, in the event of the now very apparent conflicting interests involved, proving irreconcilable. There must be a super-body who, ultimately, will have to act as

umpire and make the decision: the sooner public opinion is educated in defence of the just decision, the better. Blood may be spilt or at least crowns knocked down and it is our duty to see that no spirit of die-hardism or passive non-co-operation or even sabotage, shall be allowed to interfere with any careful scheme, concerned primarily with the good of the people and not even secondarily with the susceptibilities of the many with vested interests.

To a reading public which has not yet delved behind the scenes this may all sound very alarmist, but at least if nasty developments occur the reader cannot protest that he has not been warned. In war-time, control by reason largely goes and the permanent administration is largely superseded by military rule, rule very often by violence, by nit-wits—crude, impersonal, wasteful. It should be the duty of our electors and our administration alike to see that no such supersession by a professional clique could ever be possible. The danger, however, is there and is recognised by the medical profession themselves.

Another subject with which it is proposed to deal is the dispensary system and its glaring defects, and the necessary action by our administration should be pressed hard by public opinion. The people's good is what must count first, last and all the time. A country which "enjoys" our present death-rate in the face of our non-industrial conditions offers plenty scope to properly organised hospitalization for its early and steady reduction. Before the readers of *IRELAND TO-DAY* read the article, which it is hoped shortly to put before them on these subjects, a useful prelude might be the reading of Dr. A. J. Cronin's *The Citadel*.

Let us now return to the consideration of the various District, Regional and Teaching (Voluntary) Hospitals and their participation in the revenues made available through the sweepstakes. Reviewing the progress in hospital development that



has taken place as a result of the financial resources made available by the Sweepstakes, there can be no doubt that it is considerable. In the first instance, the Voluntary Hospitals have been enabled to provide much needed equipment and improvements in the accommodation hitherto provided. Better accommodation has been provided for nurses, whilst the dietary afforded to patients—always a thorny problem in hospitals—has been greatly improved in quality. In Dublin a new Maternity Hospital (all-electric) has been provided at Holles Street, which has been described by competent overseas experts as amongst the leading hospitals in Europe. The historic Rotunda Hospital has had a new Out-Patient Department provided, a new nurses' home is in course of erection, and considerable internal improvements to the existing hospital contemplated. The Mater Misericordiae Hospital has had a modern new Out-Patient Department provided, and likewise Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital. Dublin and Cork are to be provided with new Fever Hospitals, for which special legislation has recently been enacted in the Dail. The Coombe Maternity Hospital is to be rebuilt on a new site. Other schemes of a far-reaching character envisage the enlargement of the principal Dublin General Hospitals, which are too small to meet modern scientific requirements, the amalgamation of a group of the still smaller ones, the provision of new hospitals in the teaching centres of Cork and Galway and the creation of regional hospital areas in these centres and at Limerick. The Grangegorman Mental Hospital is to be extended by the provision of a new hospital outside the city, whilst vast sums are being every day expended on improving the accommodation for mental patients throughout the country.

Regarding the country generally, schemes are in operation, which, when completed, will provide practically each county with an up-to-date hospital service. Existing hospitals are being replaced or reconstructed and improved out of all recognition.

The total amount contributed by Sweepstakes for hospitals amounts to £11,118,859 approximately. Much of this has

already been spent, some by the hospitals themselves without supervision and the remainder as a result of advice submitted to the Government, first by a Committee of Reference and now by the Hospitals' Commission. It would be interesting to know, in view of the large amount of hospital building and reconstruction that is taking place throughout the country, what the average annual payments from the Hospitals Trust Fund are, as they must be very considerable.

Notwithstanding the large amount of money collected, it must be obvious from the preliminary Report of the Hospitals' Commission, that to put the hospital system of the country on a proper basis will require a much larger amount than is at present available. Under the last Hospitals Act almost every activity even remotely related to questions of Health is provided for and all will require financial assistance. It is for this reason, it is presumed, that complaints of non-distribution of the funds are not entirely absent. In view, however, of the magnitude of the problem and particularly of the fact that all the money required is not yet available, nor can it be guaranteed with certainty, it would be a pity if the existing funds were distributed without a thorough examination of the problem. Whilst the country can congratulate itself on its good fortune in securing for its hospital development such large amounts of money, it would be a calamity, if the opportunity now presented of putting the hospital system on a truly rational basis were neglected, and it behoves all those associated with hospital activity to concentrate their efforts on a critical study of hospital development in those countries, where lack of financial resources did not operate in the past, as here, to retard progress.

Nor must the principle that inspired the framers of the Public Hospitals Act, 1933, be allowed to be submerged, namely, the hospital needs of the people. Where such colossal sums are being expended a great responsibility rests not only on hospital authorities but on the Government which exercises supervision over this expenditure, to ensure that increased hospital facilities

when provided are readily and easily accessible to the people. Complaints in the Press and elsewhere of difficulties in gaining admission to hospitals should not exist where a proper hospital system exists. That they do exist at present there is no doubt, and it is desirable that those responsible for the administration of these funds will take the necessary steps to remedy this evil.

DONAL MCCARTHY



# MEDLEY IN SPAIN

By C. E. MILNE

UNALARMED it leaned against a wall. It leaned against a wall near the Puerto del Sol, near the Government Ministry that had been closed since a quarter ton bomb dropped in the garden, scattering, uprooting stones and flowers alike, and scattering, filtering a yellowish, filthy dust that clung to the flower petals, and clung to the lemon tree leaves, where it leaned unalarmed to a wall across the roadway.

The lemon tree had been like a star over Madrid, something I had remembered and looked forward to seeing, content in that believing it represented nothing more than itself, and, nothing less, it could once again seem the occasional symbol of quiet I had liked to stand glooming in front of, during my first visit to the besieged city. And this trip had been just as much worry. Ambulances and lorries to be got to their proper destinations: flagging them one by one over the long, dry roads; Barcelona, as usual, in a whirl of posters and slogans, which, as usual, set up in me an almost furious reaction only eliminated by rest and talk over coffee or beer in one of Barcelona's Poet's Pub Cafes, where bright young foreigners from Oxford came congregating before either they hurried off to one of the war-fronts or off home; and then Valencia . . . Valencia had greeted us with a blackout lights and the syrens screaming, no bed to be had and so to sleep uneasily in the ambulance cab when the raid was over—a cold night, but in the morning, bright, warm sun, with young girls that we liked to call muchachas (giving the same meaning to the word as the British soldier says Mam'zelle), calling down at us from balconies, calling and hissing invitingly, but dare you try to handle them—Valencia had been so much the thick of it, so much happening, and, as my fat little Spanish friend from the Oficina del Censura y Prensa had said, so coming to strength and unity, that there had been times when to stand and gloom at the lemon tree again and do nothing seemed THE most desirable.

And here it leaned against a wall and it leaned against a wall, and it was plastered still with the yellowish dust and was quite without significance. Good, very good. I had been so significant myself for months: I had thrown in my lot with

significant people, doing significant work ; I had emptied my life of the loneliness which had made life vivid, filling it instead with politics and people and enjoyment and effort ; but now I was glad of the Madrid lemon tree, standing quiet and doing nothing. I thought perhaps if I stare at it long enough I'll get clear, and if I get clear I'm sure I'll become wonderfully decisive, I'll take a much more decisive part in the struggle, I'll take a great big gun . . .

The great big guns out near the Escorial and on the Guadalajara echoed me, echoing through a silence of the traffic in the Puerto del Sol. I wondered whether the doctors at the hospital at Torrelodones were busy ? I had arranged to 'phone the hospital about the ambulance I had brought. I hurried away from the lemon tree.

At the headquarters of the Fifteenth Mixed Brigade of the Spanish People's Army, Rue Velasquez, Nurié sat typing and smoking. Nurié hated guns, being afraid of them. She had told me so last time. But she will never leave, she is happy. She is small, with black hair, and speaks English à l'Américain, having lived many years in New York. Her husband, who is fighting, is very jealous. She had told me that also last time. She is one of the finest people I have met in this facet of man's eternal, most stupid and most noble struggle, and I've met not a few.

"I want to telephone Torrelodones, the English Hospital, Nurié," I said.

"Sure," said Nurié. "Sit down. Have a cigarette, a Spanish one."

I sat down. "No, thanks."

There was a sudden bursting clap of noise, from the topside end of Velasquez it sounded, then pop, pop, pop of anti-aircraft.

I stood up. "Yes, thanks," and I took her still proffered cigarette. One of the other typists ran to the window to look out and I followed her. Another bang, but I couldn't see anything, but down below in the street people were running. I noticed two of the lorry drivers in their brown leather jackets pointing upward at the sky, asking a question, and the Spaniards shaking their heads.

"It's shelling," said Nurié. "They usually begin about lunch. Shall I call Torrelodones now?"

"Yes, do." Nurié's black eyes were very bright and malicious and I wondered why. I knew Brigade people and commissars were inclined to look sideways at me because I didn't wear the

sheepskin or a jacket or a gun, but how about it? I've never quite been able to forestall all reactions and so become immersed completely in any movement. I'd be a fish hopping on sand in the Brigade, just as in any army, and just as mostly I am in ordinary life.

The heavily-ornamented room with its gilt chairs, where once the Dons had sat obesely, buzzed again with typewriters.

"Funny one is not afraid when it does begin," said Nurié. "Only thinking before and after."

"Yes, you're right, Nurié." But I was thinking of her eyes' maliciousness. What did they mean, did she mean? Was I not immersed, after all, and sufficiently? Most people would say I was in it up to the neck, in the movement—and a few minutes back at the lemon tree I'd felt the same, and wanted to get clear—so why did Nurié's eyes look so birdlike at me? What did she want of me? What, for that matter, did it all want of me?

Torrelodones answered shortly, and I spoke to the doctors. After that there was nothing much to do for an hour, so when Nurié asked whether I'd like the comrade chauffeur to drive me around to see the latest bombing results when he came downstairs from lunch, I said yes, but I'd like some lunch first also. She laughed and gave me tickets for lunch and dinner.

Upstairs there was barely a seat left at the long wooden tables, it seemed all nationalities were eating there. You could pick out the Germans, the Thaelmann men, easily though, not so much because of blondness as because of some undefinable air about them, Aryan air, no doubt. As types I should think there is not a better physically or mentally than these Hitler refugees, and they are the kindest as well as the bravest of men. At the same time, their fanaticism for discipline and efficiency chills and repels me, even though the discipline they believe in is intellectual and the efficiency self-taught and voluntary. They seem cold and frightening, perhaps because they subordinate themselves entirely to one political end—which, while agreeing with the end somehow appals me—so that though I knew some of them present and they waved, I made a direct beeline for Nurié's chauffeur, a small, mild Madrileno, hardly more than a boy, who wore horn-rimmed glasses and an enormous revolver, and who was devouring lentil soup with much the same ferocity as he drove Nurié's car. I had had some experience of Pete's driving, and was due for more.

Lunch consisted of the lentil soup, an unnameable meat, which Pete said was mule muchos buenos, and oranges. Oranges



bore me in London or Dublin, but anywhere in Spain they are a delight, no meal is anything without them, excepting, of course, morning coffee. Pete finished first two oranges and then went down to the courtyard to see whether it was "hay" or "no hay," gasoline for the car. I followed quickly and found him haranguing one of the militia guards on some U G T point of nicety, which I didn't understand, and which he unavailingly tried to explain while careening past the Gran Via at a pace that seemed he was trying to avoid any shell which might come over, but which was only his driving. I asked him the names of places and streets as we got toward the sandbagged outskirts of the city, knowing as I did only the buildings central, the Prado—with its wonderful columns lying like the smashed legs of a giant—the Telefonica and so on, but he wasn't interested in all that. Rather he wanted me to tell him about football, and about the wages of comrade mechanics in my country. When I explained that my country was Ireland, and that comrade mechanics there would sooner or later have to face what he and his were facing he nodded. Si, comprendero ! He was a very mild little man, with large brown gazelle eyes behind his glasses : eyes that, when later we shook hands with a salud for goodbye, seemed also to be asking a question of me, though without the malicious brightness of Nurié's.

At least I'm not sure. Perhaps he just didn't want me to go. At any rate, frequently now he comes, as it were, ghosting me, both he and Nurié, the mild little clerkly mechanic and the dark woman, with her slightly mottled face and bright, bright eyes. I see them before me and imagine what would happen should Franco enter Madrid : my little chauffeur backing from street to street firing, firing, revolver almost the size of himself, gentle brown eyes behind the horn rims fixed, trapped, peering. . . . and Nurié waiting, encouraging the Brigade men until they died and she was taken away.

The rest of that evening I idled about eyeing the posters of drawings of men of terrific physique and determination, exhorting their fellow Madrilenos to take up arms, eyeing the groups of children playing as always, often in bomb holes, and eyeing the low, powerful, camouflaged military cars rushing by on secret errands, with that indescribable low engine sound, which inspires terror and speaks of danger and death. When it fell dusk I went back to Velasquez. It's not good to walk the streets of Madrid after dark . . . you may be stopped any minute by patrols requiring a password, which they change every few hours, and which, or the system of which rather,

put me always in mind of cowboy and indian games and the bog and bracken field back in Wicklow . . . and then the houses seem uneasy, shut up in themselves secretly, waiting for whatever comes. No, it's not so good at night in Madrid streets ! A military car rushes by with a low, tense sound, and the light from its headlamps no more than cutting a thin line through the thick dark for a moment, while the city settles itself to listen, until at last, weary even of the machine gun rattle from University and the Hill of the Angels, it falls asleep.

The next night I was out of Madrid, out under the shadowily hot, reddish slopes of the Guadalajara, the Sierras, whose ranges are not in the least cooled from the impression they give of heat and cruelty and lust and strength by glittering ice caps and snow. I stayed at a hacienda at San Fernando, a village on the Zaragossa road. This hacienda had been converted from a ducal palace (it belonged perhaps to the Dukes of Alba formerly, that is, in the legal sense, that the Dukes had devised when they seized it centuries back) into use as a hospital. Just then it was occupied by some English surgeons and nurses sent out by a London Committee, who were working there, temporarily, as a sort of mobile unit. I had brought supplies for them also, and letters, and so got a great welcoming. That night the moon was full, cold, and pitiless, very high and drowning the stars with the light that is not of itself. Perhaps we were made restless by it, or perhaps it was alertness induced by the thought that here was real weather for the bombers, but, at all events, none of us went bedwards until two in the morning. We had, indeed, one raid before that, about one o'clock, not very close, but still all the lights were blacked and all of us, English, French, and German doctors, orderlies, and nurses as well as Spanish stood in the portico like shadows. While it was on I stood with one arm round the waist of one of the nurses, she as prompt with her arm round my waist, and lighting cigarettes we smoked. People whispered, but when someone spoke normally there was a sssh ! sssh ! as if there was a feeling the death merchants in the sky could hear our voices. Afterwards the doctor in charge said he had had a bed made up for me where he slept, under the roof, and led the way upstairs. Where we were to sleep had been the conservatory, the walls were panelled glass, covered by a roof with thin rafters. The hacienda itself was three or four storeys, and the night view, particularly to the north, was magnificent. Northward, of course, was the Sierra, the country stretching flatly toward the great snowcapped red-brown, ridges, nursing on its barrenness

only a few sparse rubber and olive trees, and yet preserving all the richness of colour and beauty of one of Van Gogh's southern landscapes. Despite intermittent artillery fire from the Sierras, the doctors tumbled down on their mattresses on the floor and were asleep immediately. I got up again and watched through the glass like a look-out. Government searchlights were raking the sky over the ridges, criss-crossing, and soon, from what direction I couldn't judge, I heard the heavy droning throb that heralded another hopeful effort on the part of the bombing planes. The searchlights seemed to be playing about, paying not the slightest attention. The heavy throb, throb beat grew very loud. Then I heard a thin whine and a terrific double thud and a sheet of fire split across my eyes all within the split fraction of a second. It repeated five times. And only then it seemed the doctors woke up. "I wish these bloody fascists would realize I want to get some sleep," one said. He had naturally a high pitched voice, but it wasn't any higher now. "That was about one kilometre away," drawled another, an American. "This shack is too near the railway embankment, I told you that, Hart, when we chose it." He spoke sleepily, objectively. "Yes, I believe it is," said Hart. "But it was the only one we could get in a hurry." Then they turned on their sides, and as the drumming of the planes died away, set up a quiet duet of snoring. I stood awhile longer watching the Guadalajara, the mesa wind chill on my chest and shoulders, a tiny mesa wind of ice, creeping in where the glass was cracked and broken by the explosions. My heart was full of bitterness against the raiders, yet I didn't hate them. They seemed such futilities in such a night, dropping their little bombs like excrescences. What did it matter what towns they destroyed, how many they killed? Whatever is the kernel of truth in all revolutions, and it is the kernel of truth that men shall spend equally, will prevail in the end, will coldly and beyond dispute prevail. My heart was full of bitterness and contempt for my fellows, soiling the brilliant night so wantonly, or trying hard to. I looked at the moon, though it shone almost unbearably bright, and I thought of Black Minnaloushe the cat. Like Black Minnaloushe I felt alone, important and wise. But it wasn't with any social importance, and there was no joy or satisfaction in the wisdom, and no credit to me. I knew I was too frail and too cowardly of spirit to play any real part in this Spain, where men were battling like tigers for power, I knew I would retreat as ever nolens volens into myself, and perch on the barren rock of my own being, sans politics, sans belief, sans ideals. Getting



clear meant that : life to me was a series of wonderfully intricate patterns, no single pattern could predominate for long. I drank in the confusion, the bloodshed, the chaos, thirstily like the animal I was, but very soon I would want to lie down lazily and digest my meal, the meal that began thirty-four years ago.

Next day I got a lucky lift back to Valencia in a car belonging to the Canadian Blood Transfusion Service. There were four of us, the two Canadian drivers, a reporter, and myself. I sat at the back, inside the car body, among the canned blood. The blood swished about in refrigerators, the Canadians called it their canned blood. They talked about the flight from Malaga, they had witnessed the helplessness and misery of the refugees, and had done what they could to help. The car swung down the jaguar terraces of the Rio Gabriel, the river like a bright green ribbon a mile below in the gorge. I listened, but their talk was like a scene on a painted stage to me, and doubtless would still have been just that even had I been a witness like them. Or maybe not. Doubtless many of those refugees would have been wandering the roads whether or not there was a civil war, since they might as well starve one place as another, and machine gunning from the air only encourages them to die quickly, but it seemed a bit too easy to identify oneself with their suffering, and in the next breath as it were to identify oneself with the rich, indeed, luscious food of the Valencian hotel, where that night the car drew up and parked. But for all that, its twenty thousand salutes anti-Fascist I'd give any old day for canelones, patatas, and vino tinto . . . and back here in what we please to call civilisation, I'd give a lot to feel again the hunger and the thirst of Spanish roads, and to sate that hunger and thirst as thoroughly, gluttonously as I sated them that night. Not that after that meal there had followed relaxation to any extent. One slept in a bed with sheets in a hotel, but the danger of air raids, though diminished, was ever present, part of the adventure. Adventure ! Comrades and friends of mine have expressed anger because some of those who went to Spain went in a spirit of adventure rather than to help. Why ? Adventurers are the salt of the earth. The Spanish workers, the real workers, not the politicians, are adventuring now and are besides the obvious aristocrats for the next phase in Spain, the machine phase. . . .

No, it was not until I re-crossed the border and was speeding northward over France that I experienced that relaxation, and relief both physical and mental ! No more raids !

Life sagged again, and I sagged with it.

I was relieved, yet saddened by the relief.

As I neared England the sadness deepened, all the purpose that had dwelt side by side with death in ecstasy had gone. Life was orderly in disorder, and it sagged.

“Well, what did you find in Spain? Tell me about it.” This was the immediate demand of a friend on me when I set foot in London.

“I found a lemon tree,” I answered promptly.

My friend looked very wise. “Aha,” said he. “And was it your tree.” He emphasised the *your*, meaningly. He is literary.

“No,” said I. “No more than the oak, the elm or the beech.” I said that because I disliked his mysticism, but he persisted.

“What is *your* tree, then?” he asked. I became impatient.

“Oh, perhaps the rowan,” I said. “Yes, the rowan.”

“Ah, the rowan! Ireland!” he almost bawled it, triumphantly. “And are you going back to Ireland, then? You must.”

I considered. “Well,” I answered. “If it’s to brush away a few of the beetles and slugs that are gnawing the life from the rowan, I’d be over like a shot. But the tree is unready so far: when it is ready I shall know.”

“How?” asked my friend curiously, pleased I expect to have had his mysticism answered mystically.

“I shall hear it singing,” I said, and grinned.

C. E. MILNE

# THE WHITE GLOVES

SHORT-STORY BY ELIZABETH CONNOR

SHE was dressing very carefully to go to the village to buy a half-pound packet of Gold Leaf tea.

From where she stood—discreetly veiled by the lace curtains—she had a wide view of the short, grey stretch of road curving by the sand-hills to the scattered group of houses, of the irregular half-moon of the strand and the placid water, of the path that climbed the cliffs beyond and trailed raggedly out of sight into the purple heather of the heights.

A lovely evening . . . There was no wind ; above the mountains the sun was butter-yellow and without glare—the long, wide marsh-land was gold beneath it, the sand was gold, the sea was pale wine-gold, with not even a ripple of white to mar its surface by the black rocks cleaving the tide at the foot of the cliff.

She stood before the open wardrobe in her salmon pink petticoat and decided to wear her red and blue striped silk dress, her short yellow pongee jacket, her big, white straw hat with the cornflowers and her white shoes and gloves.

Deliciously she savoured the moment as the cool silk slipped down by her bare shoulders. She pulled the belt tight and curved anxiously backwards and forwards before the mirror. This dress *was* rather close-fitting—and she was always afraid of sticking out behind. When you got to forty-six, you were mostly inclined to stick out in places unless you wore very well-laced corsets and brassière—or else, like Emily, you got like a skeleton and had nothing at all to stick out. But Emily didn't care now, of course—she was married.

And Miss Dunphy tried hard not to think of her sister, who had been for ten years Mrs. Collins and the wife of a farm labourer and was, apparently, in spite of that, quite happy.

A bitter little smile tautened her slack mouth.

Emily ! So *condescending* . . . just because she had got a man ! And what a man ! Miss Dunphy thought of her brother-in-law's muddy boots, his bad grammar, his table-manners—and shuddered. *She* could have got a man as good or better twenty years ago—could have him still, for that matter, any day she liked.



For a fleeting instant, she thought kindly of that lover of her youth, because she had been desirable to him. His unwavering devotion (not for long expressed but forever known to her), his hopeless fidelity, his single-hearted waiting, made a prideful star that lighted the evening of her life as the sun of his love had lighted its noon. And if, because that star was always hers for the taking, it thereby lost some of the lustre of the unattainable, it was none the less a constant and consoling guide through darkness.

Yes, she could be Mrs. Bill Power if she wanted to—but *she* wouldn't lower herself and her family as Emily had done. She knew what was due to herself. When you had a position to keep up—well, you had to keep it up and that was all about it!

She had never forgotten—and she never would forget—that father had been a national school teacher. She never forgot that she was better than anybody else in the village—except, of course, the dispensary doctor, who was her equal—and she knew all her neighbours recognised that, too. She knew the summer visitors recognised it—they saw how lady-like she was, how spotless her house was, how well-dressed she always was. And whenever she met any of them—for you couldn't help making acquaintance with strangers in such a tiny village as Durran—she was able to talk to them of the news in the papers, of books, and even to tell them, laughingly, that now and then she had a little poem in the *Cork Examiner* herself, only she was far too shy to put her name to her work.

Sometimes, wistfully, she wished they would ask her to their houses—it would be so nice to sit down and chat with them over a cup of tea. Probably, when they saw how gentle and reserved she was, they didn't quite like to ask her . . . But she got on very well indeed with them when she met them—agreed that Durran was a dull little place in the winter, but, of course, when you'd always lived there . . . and the few families coming in the summer made it brighter . . . and, yes, really it was a pity there was no golf or anything like that . . . only the sea and the cliffs . . . but so healthy for children . . .

She sighed. Often she felt a little lonely. When you lived alone, there were times when the house seemed quieter than usual. It was very quiet now . . . so quiet that it almost seemed to be whispering to her . . . as if it were trying desperately to say something she could never hear . . .

She had been standing motionless before the mirror but now she suddenly started. She craned her neck sideways. Yes—there was the doctor setting off for a walk with his dogs! She

waited until she saw him begin to mount the cliff path and then she hurried to the dressing-table. If she judged her time correctly, she could manage to meet him on his way back. You'd never know what would come of meetings like that—and the doctor was always so friendly—a perfect gentleman . . . Only thirty he was—but, then, she didn't look very much more herself, did she, when she was at her best . . . ?

She hummed happily as she dusted her face with talcum powder.

These little expeditions to the village were so exciting in the summer months. There was always the doctor . . . and then, in summer, the young bank clerks from the neighbouring town coming for their swim in the evenings . . . and the manager from the Provincial bank . . . and often there were other single men staying for a few weeks with their relations—commercial travellers . . . maybe even solicitors . . . nice gentlemen like that . . . And you never could tell, could you? And if mother could look down from Heaven and see her *then*, she'd be so proud of her daughter . . .

## II

She was ready too soon. There was no sign of the doctor returning yet. She sat by the windows watching for him, her powdered face stiff beneath the wide brim of her girlish hat, her faintly-rouged lips anxious. Her feet, in their white, high-heeled, buckskin shoes, were set primly together; her hands rested on the white gloves in her lap.

Little sounds stole about her like ghostly breezes. She heard the hidden drag of the waveless sea . . . she heard the cry of a distant gull . . . she heard a cock crow, in louder echo . . . . Dreaming, she sat there and dreaming saw the cliffs on which her straining eyes were fixed darken to a night twenty-five years gone . . . saw the harvest moon round in a starless sky . . . saw, on that field yonder high on the head-land, as the grazing cows faded slowly from her sight, the shadow of cornstacks on the ground and Bill sitting beside her, looking out with her across the silvered bay.

"Bill!" she said—now or on that vanished night.

"Yes, Nellie—my little darling!"

His face was white in the moonlight; his hair was soot; his eyes were darkened pits filled with love for her. She rested against his shoulder in the circle of his arms and felt his flesh hot through his thin jersey against her hot cheek.

"You *do* love me, Bill?"

She knew he did, but he must keep on saying it ; it was so lovely to hear.

But he did not say it again ; he only kissed her. It was a long kiss, for she felt she could never bear to let it end and she wondered wildly if their love—this hot, hot love—could melt that chill moon and send it spattering down to drown the sea and them and mould them for ever in this kiss.

They sat talking and she held his hand . . .

“ You’re like a little field-mouse, Nellie . . . ”

She was indignant.

“ Yes . . . all soft and frightened, Nellie . . . big eyes and brown hair.”

His lips strayed against her hair . . . vaguely she raised a hand and touched the dyed strands . . . then or now . . .

“ . . . and we’ll live in that cottage at the top of the village

“ . . . I’m earning a pound a week now. We’ll make that do . . . ”

“ . . . and I can cook . . . and make bread . . . ”

“ . . . we’ll be so happy . . . ”

“ . . . kiss me again . . . ”

It was their last kiss. Because when she told mother that night, mother explained quite, quite gently that, of course, it would never do.

“ You see, Nellie, dear, you’re a lady . . . you couldn’t marry a gardener. I don’t blame *you*, dear—you’re only a child. I should have been more careful of you—but I never thought—. But you’ll be my own good girlie now, won’t you, and be sensible? ”

She was sensible. She knew that mother was right—mother had explained so fully, so considerately. She repeated mother’s words to Bill and would not listen to his protests. She cried for some nights—those kisses had been so sweet . . . that little cottage would have been such fun—but no one guessed and then she settled down again and everything went on as before. And soon she was ashamed of those kisses and tried to forget them

And mother had been wise. Bill Power was still earning only a pound a week . . . and sometimes he drank too much porter . . . and now, at fifty, his hair was grey . . . Miss Dunphy and Bill Power—the idea was ridiculous !

But mother hadn’t been altogether wise. She had promised that the right man would come along some day, but he hadn’t come.



("Not yet," the woman whispered, and her fingers closed convulsively on the white gloves.)

But there was always hope. And on twenty-five shillings a week, there is little other luxury in life but hope.

### III

She saw the doctor appear over the brow of the cliff. She jumped up, took her flowered parasol and hurried out, smoothing on her gloves as she went.

She met him on the turn of the road. But he wasn't alone. He had two girls with him—two of the summer visitors. They had yellow hair; one wore shorts, the other a plain linen dress; their legs were bare and they were shod in coloured sandals. They looked very young; she hated them. But she smiled and saluted them gaily and walked on, twirling her parasol.

It wasn't a very successful trip. She met the bank manager, but he was in a hurry and couldn't stay to talk and Mr. Dalton, whom she met further up the street, was in a hurry, too. (People so often seemed in a hurry lately—more and more she noticed it as the years went on.) She chatted graciously to Mrs. Dwan while she bought her packet of tea. But it was an effort to be bright this evening; she was tired and strangely sad. She decided to walk home by the strand and cut across by the river on to the road again; she had a longing to be near the easy, untroubled water.

The strand was deserted now; the bathers had left and the shadow of the cliffs fell far across the sand. Nearby the sea was grey and mottled like a pigeon's wing, and with feathery laziness it stroked the ashen sand; only at the horizon was it still alive with gold, and there, across that gilt bar, a sail was dark against the eastern reflection of the sunset.

Her shoes sank in the soft sand; she could not walk in the hard sand or the tide, lest the damp might stain them. Her ankles ached; her head ached. She furled her parasol, took off her gloves, and sat down limply in the shelter of a sand hill.

Ceaselessly that great wing stroked the shore; the gold paled; the ship sailed on. She felt the soul being drawn out of her body into the sea; she wanted it to go from her, she wanted to lose it there . . .

She heard voices. The doctor's voice . . . girls' voices . . . They came nearer; she heard them sit down on the other side of the sandhill. She was hidden from them here . . . she should go and talk to them . . . be friendly . . . But she was tired . . . too tired . . .

" . . . I nearly *died* . . . "

" . . . Yes—but, honestly, she *is* a scream ! I thought I'd never keep from laughing, myself."

They're so young, Miss Dunphy thought, sitting restfully hidden there ; too young, too silly. A clever man like the doctor would surely prefer women more mature, more developed . . .

She heard the doctor's voice.

" You shouldn't laugh at her. She's not really funny ; she's depressing. Every time I meet her, she makes me sad."

" Oh, gosh, sad ! *She's* not sad herself—she thinks she's just it ! "

" Look at the way the men have to run from her. Mr. Dalton told me he barely escaped with his life this evening."

There was a giggle, and then a burst of laughter.

" She's a pathological case," the doctor's voice said.

" *Her* complex is pretty obvious, anyway—not the sort of one a nice young girl like myself can speak of."

" My God, *did* you see her to-day ! That *awful* striped dress . . . "

" And what about the hat ! And the blue flower dangling over her ear ! "

" And she must be sixty at least ! "

" How on earth does she get the clothes ? She can't have a bob."

" I suppose," the doctor said slowly, " she starves herself to buy them."

" There was a little thing of mine in last week's *Cork Examiner* . . . "

" And the yellow jacket . . . "

The voices were choked with laughter.

" And the parasol ! "

" And those high heels—with her legs turning in on them ! "

" And white gloves—in Durran, white gloves . . . "

Miss Dunphy was running across the sandhills, her gloves and parasol clutched to her bosom. The sea was hidden behind her now ; the bleached sea-grass whipped her ankles ; the silver sea-thistles pricked and stung.

Whipped and pricked and stung . . . whipped and pricked and stung . . . go home . . . shut yourself in . . . shut yourself in for ever and ever . . . grass . . . thistles . . . words . . . everywhere hurting . . . nothing at all in the world but hurting . . . And within yourself the most hurtful thing of all . . . How could you ever escape ? You couldn't . . . you couldn't . . . You couldn't escape from yourself . . .

She stumbled across the gap in the wall. She was on the road. Bill Power was coming across the bridge. They met.

"Fine evenin'," he said awkwardly.

She was panting. She felt a thread rip in her tight brassière. Her feet were swollen lumps of flesh burning on high wooden heels. She staggered. She clutched her parasol and her white gloves slipped through her nerveless fingers and fell in amongst the clustering flies on a clot of dung.

"Oh, Nellie," he said, horrified. "Your lovely gloves!"

He stooped, picked them up, shook them free of loose dirt and held them out to her.

Her lovely gloves! He thought them lovely. He did! He did!

She twisted the gloves between agonised hands. She saw brown smears on her palms. She looked at him.

He was smiling at her. His hair was grey, but his thin face was the face of the man who had loved her; his eyes were still dark and kind.

Save me, she called to him, wordlessly; forgive me and save me now. Our little cottage . . . at the top of the street . . . and I can cook and make bread . . . we'll be so happy . . . and see! the moon shines on the sea and the corn stacks are black against it like crouching witches . . .

"Bill! Will you—will you come up to the house with me and have a glass of wine?"

Forgive me! I never knew—ah, no! no! I always knew . . . But forgive me . . . come with me now and tell me the long years have never been . . .

He pushed back his cap and grinned shyly at her.

"Ah, sure I won't, Nellie—thanks, all the same. I promised to have a pint or two with Jim Murphy at Dwan's before closin' time."

He moved away with easy unconcerned friendliness and, as she watched him go, she began mechanically to work her fingers into the stiff suède of her gloves.

ELIZABETH CONNOR



## WESTWEGO

Am' thaistealuidhe aisteach gan bhagáiste  
Ariamh níor fhágas-sa Paras  
mo chuimhne níor fhág ar feadh troigh mé  
mo chuimhne a lean mé 'na mhaidrín  
ba dhaille mé 'ná na caoirigh  
a lonnrann 'sa spéir imeadhon oidhche  
tá sé an-bhrothallach  
deirim liom ó's iséal a's go h-an-dháiríreach  
tá an-thart orm go deimhin tá an-thart orm  
ní'l agam ach mo hata  
eochair na bpáirc eochair na mbrionglóid  
athair na gcuimhne  
ach an tráthnóna so táim 'sa mbaile seo  
taobh thiar de gach chrann 'sna h-avenues  
tá cuimhneamh ag luigheachán rómham  
Is tú san a shean-Pharas s'agam  
'siad do leachta-sa chuimhne clocha mhíle mo thuirse  
aithnighim do chuid scamall  
a bheireann greim ar na siminéidhthe  
chum adieu nó bonjour a rádh liom  
'san oidhche bíonn tú ad bhaile mhéirneála  
grádhaím thú mar a grádhtar eiliofaint  
is liúgha bháidhe liom-sa do liúighrigh go léir  
táim dála Alaidin 'sa ngáirdín  
mar a raibh an lampa draoidheachta ar lasadh  
ní iarraim dada  
táim annso  
táim-se am' shuide ar theireas chaifé  
a's mé ag meangad leis an uile dhéad liom  
nuair a chuimhnighim ar mo thurasanna éachtacha go léir  
theastuigh uaim dul go New-York nó go Buenos-Ayres  
sneachta Moscou d'aithint  
imtheacht tráthnóna éigin ar bhórd paquebot  
chum Madagascar nó Shanghai  
dul suas an Mississippi  
chuadhas go Barbizon  
agus d'aithléigheas eachtraí an chaptaon Cook  
chuadhas am' luighe 'sa chaonach oscarach  
scríobhas dánta i-n aice le nead chailleach  
ag bailiú na bhfocal a bhí ar sileadh as na craobhacha dam  
chuir an bóithrín iarainn igcuimhne dam an transcanadien  
a's an tráthnóna so táim ag meangadh mar go bhfuilim annso

*Amhrán le Philippe Soupault : Niall Montgomery d'aistrig ó'n bhFrainnctis*

# LETTER OF THE MONTH

## TRUE WISDOM OR MERE KNOWLEDGE ?

AN almost forgotten scruple has been reawakened by a chance remark made to me the other day. We had been speaking of a German handbook, and of the lamentable lack of style, and the question was raised of the value of such books. The Germans, it was argued, have evolved a scientific method which they apply in all directions as if it were an end in itself, independently of the matter to which it is applied, like a work of art in painting or poetry or prose. And I could only answer that I have been taught in their school and admire the method, that I see the difficulty, and turn it off by applying myself industriously to work, just as one who loves hunting but hates to kill, can forget the cruelty in the joy of a gallop. And as a concession I quoted Grillparzer's lines :

Niemals etwas, über etwas  
Schreibt der Deutsche, wie am Met-Fass  
Sich die Fliege netzt die Füße,  
Und wird süß von fremder Süsse.

The other view is widely held in England, where research has never been the chief claim to scholarship in the Humanities. The English call a learned man a scholar. And to be learned means for them to know the Classics, more narrowly to know well Herodotus and Plato and Aristotle, and to use with familiarity the language of the Authorised Version of the Bible.

They admire the repose, the air of leisure, of temperance, *sophrosune*, which often goes with that sort of learning. And when I remember some German scholars I have known, I wonder can they be right, after all. On the one hand assurance, balance, repose, on the other an endless search for some new knowledge about almost anything, or some new theory to correlate known facts, theories about other people's theories, and without any regard to manners or style, worn-out phrases strung together in the jargon of *Wissenschaft*.

It has been well said by an exponent of the German method that if one wishes to produce research, one must not read too much. And all of us who are in the current of that stream know that the flood of material in journals and encyclopedias and serial collections and Miscellanies is bringing a crisis of over-production. In these days no one can be up-to-date, and one is tempted to turn away and limit oneself to reading the documents themselves, while others are writing each other up or down.

The great French orientalist, Émile Senart, recently dead, was one of the rare beings who combined in himself the best qualities of both kinds. He was learned and wrote much, and edited obscure and difficult texts ; and he had great personal charm, and gave one the impression of wisdom and fine temper.

Ten years ago I put to him the question which you have now provoked. And he said : " I believe in a hierarchy of those who seek to discover even a little truth." This from Senart was enough for me. He had arrived at the threshold of old age, and seemed to command both sorts of learning. I listened in admiration, and would have liked to draw him farther, but I suppose he was carried off by some other guest. I can recall no more of the conversation.

But I am sure that he had more to say. It may be right to accuse the Germans of valuing mere method too highly, but the discovery of new knowledge is an employment without any equal in human affairs. The amount of a man's knowledge is not the measure of his worth, and if, in order to add to the sum of knowledge one has to restrict one's own, it is the price of the privilege. We are not better than the Greeks by the number of the things we know which were unknown to them. They were better than we are by the greatness of their achievement in philosophy. It is the discovery which counts, and I am sure that Senart was right.

But I still feel there is something behind the contrary argument that I have not brought to light. For we are now witnesses of the collapse of humanism in Germany in spite of the great tradition of scholarship which had grown up. How is it that all the research and all the knowledge and the great cultural tradition which they possessed, not only in science but in music and literature as well, can go down without a struggle?

It can, perhaps, be explained as a result of the secularism of the post-Reformation period, according to which science is divorced from morality, and you can be as learned as you like and be a liar and a coward and a rogue as well. Long ago the learned were the wise and the wise were the good, and this notion of learning still lingers on in England in spite of protestantism. It is not the German method that is wrong nor their tireless application of it even to relatively unimportant points of research. It is the absence of a moral purpose which would give life and savour to what they do, and which might have produced men brave enough to resist when the existence of humanism in Germany was threatened.



# ART

## IT'S A LONG LANE

An indignant correspondent has taken the Editors of IRELAND TO-DAY to task on the conduct of this feature and has pointed out that the writer would be better employed if, instead of concerning himself with an examination of movements and ideas on which he is obviously ill-informed, he confined himself to critical reviews of contemporary art-exhibitions in Dublin. He appended a list of exhibitions forthcoming and concluded with the warning: "Now don't say you didn't know."

It is somewhat contradictory that a reader who is infuriated by a reviewer's observations on Surrealism should profess an eager interest in the same reviewer's opinions of a local artist's work. It is as if he had said: "Your art-critic knows nothing about Surrealism, but I am prepared to listen to him talking about art." In this, however, the contradiction might possibly be more apparent than real. There may, of course, be a dark purpose lurking behind the ultimatum, but as several local exhibitions have been noticed in these columns during the past year, the objector must have had ample opportunity to assess the worth or worthlessness of the opinions expressed, so that one may dismiss the nasty suspicion that he is hoping to lay bare the ignorance of the writer.

One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and may digress to remark on the friction which seems natural to any discussion of aesthetics and the deplorable degree of heat thereby generated (in all except the writer). Four hundred years ago the citizens of Siena made a banner of Cimabue's picture and with it held a demonstration against a rival town, the rivalry being entirely artistic. In France fifty years ago the work of the Impressionists was attacked by Paris with sticks and umbrellas, and only the other day it was reported in the press that a French auctioneer prefaced the sale of some modernist works by disclaiming any responsibility or sympathy for them, apparently as a precaution against bodily assault.

Some explanation is really necessary of the failure of this magazine to report on several local exhibitions. The explanation is simple. IRELAND TO-DAY appears monthly and art exhibitions last only a week or a fortnight. By the time a review of the artist's work can be published the exhibition is over and a post-mortem examination is pointless. The only exhibitions which last long enough for the critic himself to be criticised, on the scene of his crimes, are the permanent exhibitions in our public galleries and the annual one at the Academy. Only on one occasion since the foundation of the magazine has an artist thought it worth while to invite a preview of his work, which made it possible for a review and the exhibition to appear together.

Does this greatly matter? The question involves issues of a threatening immensity and even a short digression to examine them might end with a logic which would appeal to the Dadaists, in the critical pen being laid aside for ever.

No one will deny that there are some problems which come properly within the survey of a reviewer and some gratitude is, therefore, due for the reappearance of that hardy perennial, the Lane Conditional Gift. Further light has been thrown by Dr. W. B. Yeats on the agitation for the return of the famous pictures from the Tate Gallery in London. It is strange that at this late hour further light could be thrown on the subject. When will the revelations cease? It was generally understood, when Dr. Bodkin was commissioned by the Government to write his book on the Lane pictures that it was to be the last word on the subject containing all relevant data. It is more than surprising to find that important facts were overlooked, and one wonders whether the omissions were due to ignorance or a tender solicitude for the feelings of English readers. The whole history of the negotiations smacks of that secret diplomacy, which so justly irritates the man in the street.

The part played by the late King George V, as described by Dr. Yeats, is illuminating, and confirms the opinion expressed here a year ago that nothing short of an earthquake could prise the pictures away from the Tate Gallery. King George, apart from being a gentleman, appears to have been genuinely interested in the Lane Pictures. In the infancy of the Dublin Gallery he had been one of its most generous patrons and presented, among other gifts, two of the greatest treasures in the collection, "The Elder Tree," by Constable, and the "Village and Roadway," by Harpignies, two pictures which alone would justify the gallery. He refused to open the rooms in the Tate Gallery while they contained the Lane Conditional Gift, but Dr. Yeats tells us that he finally "yielded to pressure."

It seems that with £200,000 in one pan of the scales, the English Royal Prerogative in the other is not equal to the occasion. One can understand how this incident, in spite of its obvious value, was courteously suppressed; but an excessive politeness seems to have been the Irish weakness. Dr. Yeats divulges that sympathisers in London offered to parade with sandwich boards in front of the Tate Gallery, but this unpleasantness was averted, presumably by the same power which exerted the pressure on King George, by the ancient diplomatic expedient of holding out some vague promise, in strict secrecy. Irish politeness did the rest. It is as if a householder, having surprised a burglar, were to refrain from blowing a police-whistle lest it might be considered bad form.

Dr. Yeats went to the heart of the matter when he said that "unfortunately the pictures were worth about £200,000." It is, indeed, unfortunate. Were they the greatest masterpieces in the world and yet worth nothing in cash, Dublin would have them to-morrow.

JOHN DOWLING

# MUSIC

## AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES

I have recently received the yearly report and balance sheet of the Musical Art Society, both of which make interesting reading. As the history of the Dublin Society, its efforts, successes and failures is that of many orchestral organisations functioning in Ireland, upon an amateur basis more or less, a consideration of its report and balance sheet amounts to an examination of certain aspects of general musical culture here, and is, I think, worthy of attention.

The present Musical Art Society is a re-organisation of the Harding Orchestra, dating from the year 1935. Its members are classified as professional musicians, amateur musicians and annual subscribers, and its minimum orchestra is one of thirty players, sixteen strings, eight wood-wind, five brass and one percussion. The Society aims at the assistance of unemployed musicians (the cessation of cinema-employment having had serious economic consequences for these) the promotion, practice and cultivation of orchestral music and the giving of public concerts and recitals. It has functioned for the last two years—since its inception, under the conductorship of Signor Ferruccio Grossi.

Before dealing with financial matters I think it is instructive to read the experiences of the Society when forming their orchestra in 1935. Initially it was decided to establish an amateur orchestra—and this for many reasons cultural and financial. I need not stress the good services that can be rendered by well-organised amateur groups for, let it be said, the cultural health of a country does not depend upon the achievements of the professional few but upon the participation in activity by the many who may be dubbed, somewhat loosely, amateurs; any group intensifying the quality and quantity of such participation is doing most excellent work. The amateur standard in the true index of cultural intensity. The Musical Art Society advertised for amateurs willing to co-operate in its schemes, and its appeal received a fair measure of support. But at auditions many difficulties became apparent; many of the string-players had but the minimum of technique and would have been a hindrance rather than a help to their fellows in an orchestra; wood-wind players were either ill-equipped with instruments or else had instruments of sharp-pitch instead of the required New Philharmonic pitch. In addition, some of these inexperienced amateurs demanded professional fees for their services. In practice the whole scheme was found to be impossible and the amateur basis of the orchestra had to be modified.

This means that in spite of the best efforts of the Society an amateur orchestra of thirty members, adequate for public performance, could not be established in this city of half-a-million people. And, let me say here, Dublin has the reputation—ill-founded, I think—of being a “musical” city. Certainly it has educational equipment lacking or inadequate in other towns and cities—it has its academies and schools of music, its professors and teachers. And the



result of all this equipment is that an efficient orchestra of thirty amateurs cannot be procured by a well-known musical society. Now it would be unjust to lay the whole blame for this lamentable state of affairs upon the professors and teachers. Admitting the existence of inefficient teachers, it is still clear to anyone with the slightest knowledge of matters musical that there are numbers of excellent teachers in the city—particularly of instruments. In *IRELAND TO-DAY* (Vol. II, Nos. 3 and 4) I have already tried to assess professional responsibility. But any examination of the question in hand and kindred questions will, I think, lead to the belief that, musically speaking, Dublin is a city of barbarians. And, perhaps, the current standard of musical appreciation can best be assessed by a visit to either the Abbey or Gate Theatres while the small orchestra in either is playing. It is no exaggeration to say that in both these theatres the orchestra performs continually in a din that is indescribable. And let it be understood that these yelling hordes who are the audience are looked upon as "high-brows" and have been known to labour under the delusion that culturally they are "a cut above skim-milk"—to put it vulgarly. I am concerned with these savages only in so far as their conduct points to the deplorably low standard of musical appreciation, current in Dublin. I know that I have written often that the only hope for a musically resurgent Ireland lies outside Dublin; but if one may not have an adequate standard of amateur technique and some little musical appreciation in the great music-educational centre of the country, how long will one have to wait until an adequate technique in education and execution is cultivated in the provinces far from any technical centre. Such problems as these—the education of the people, the education of students, are matters of national importance, but it is worse than useless, probably, to appeal to the Government for attention, the Government that has definitely tied its educational "chaos" to the wheels of the industrial chariot, that is quite willing to join in the welter of talk anent culture, leaving such talk as their sole contribution to cultural advancement. (Certainly, we critics need no aid as far as talking is concerned). But to "return to our sheep," the Musical Art Society had to abandon its scheme of providing a complete amateur orchestra.

A new scheme was next forged, that of employing a body of thirty professional executants, supplementing them at the conductor's discretion with amateurs sufficient to produce a balanced combination. At present the Society's orchestra functions under this scheme. Reading down the list of performers at one of the Society's recent concerts, one saw certain things—first, that the scheme provided an orchestra of approximately fifty players; second, that all the wind players were men and all professionals, with one exception; third, that of the thirty string-players all were women, professional or amateur, with two exceptions—two male amateur string-players. This means that out of fifty players there were but three male amateurs. This rough analysis points to what I think is the gravest feature in our present Irish musical world—I refer to the small number of young men who are studying

music either for their pleasure or in preparation for a career. If this state of affairs were confined to Dublin, it would be sufficiently serious; but here Dublin is just a reflection of the whole country. Everywhere at Feiseanna and musical festivals the same phenomenon is to be seen, and not alone in the music-sections of these festivals, but in all sections dealing with the liberal arts. Such neglect, in music, at any rate, is not caused by a lack of natural talent among the young men, for, as a rule, their performance, taking everything into consideration, is better than that of the girls. They may not have the girls' technical slickness, but they have that immeasurably more precious thing in their performance—the imaginative quality. But everywhere among the young men I notice the idea that art of any sort is a kind of feminine weakness, and the pursuit of it a charming girlish accomplishment. I wonder was thought always rated so lowly in Ireland? One cannot blame these young people for their ideas when from all vantage points the idea is pressed home to them that their main object in life is an economic one, that they were born to fill a job—which, at the moment, does not happen to be here—but that is a detail. Any suggestion that the kingdom of the mind may be of importance, is received with that startled enquiring look that men reserve for miracles and monstrosities. Certainly if any cultural advance is to be hoped for, this dry rot of materialism must first be checked. The people must be led from their materialistic wilderness; but who will lead them? Once, again, the problem seems to be one of education.

In the report occurs the usual complaint regarding the absence of a suitable building for concert performances in Dublin. At present, the only hall available for such leaves much to be desired from many points of view. Firstly, it is acoustically unsound; secondly, it provides the minimum of comfort for patrons (a serious thing, now that audiences demand for public entertainments the same standard of personal comfort as is afforded them by the well-furnished cinema); thirdly, it has no adequate accommodation for orchestral presentation; and fourthly, as the hall has certain religious associations many possible patrons seem to fear a corrosion of their extremely delicate orthodoxy by even sitting within its walls. The lamentation about the absence of a concert hall has ascended to heaven for many years now, and, as the thing at stake is only art, it will probably continue to ascend until the moon becomes green cheese. The savages, anyhow, are quite content, "hanging their paper flowers from post to post."

As the last point of interest for us in the report—it seems that the Society made some attempts to secure broadcasting dates, the fees, although small, helping to cover the rather heavy expenses of rehearsals (the Society insists on a minimum of eight rehearsals for each of its concerts); but they failed in their endeavours. Looking up an old balance-sheet, I find that the Society received a fee of seven pounds, ten shillings for a forty-minute broadcast

*(continued on page 77)*

# THEATRE

## THEATRE-CRAFT—2. (9-12) : HOW'S YOUR BROW?

*N.B.—Bracketed numbers refer to relevant paragraphs in this and other issues.*

9. In Part I. last month we saw (at least I did) that the only basic purpose of the Theatre is to arouse and satisfy the "make-believe" instinct. Like all instincts this one is normally dormant—we are not always playacting, though to look at some people . . . however, we are not. Some very important questions at once arise : (a) What is the human need this instinct is appointed to supply (for all instincts are essentially the automatic means of maintaining a normal, healthy life ; nor, I might remark, are they "base," which is the colouring the word has for some people—only perversion or over-indulgence of them is base) ? (b) How is that instinct aroused ? (c) How is it satisfied ? (d) How does the artist supply that need ? (e) How far does his audience co-operate with him in this ? (f) Does he give all or does he take something from his audience and return it to them transformed ? (g) In short, what is the mechanism of creation by the artist and of appreciation by the spectator ? (*Creation* in the arts, by the way, is used here with its common meaning of the addition, from within himself, by the artist of attributes not previously existing in the object, either by changing it itself—the glyptic arts, *e.g.*, sculpture, architecture, decorative painting, or by causing its subject to be seen through the vari-coloured window of his own personality . . . the lyrical arts, *e.g.*, poetry, music, impressionist painting, most literature and theatre-craft generally. Similarly, by *spectator* is meant the recipient or sharer in the work of art—whether by seeing, listening or other ways). It seems easiest to narrow down the problem from a first cursory survey of the spectator and his reactions in general to how these reactions result in his mind (if he has one—often a moot point) and finally how the artist can directly arouse those reactions that achieve a given purpose. Briefly, what is Aesthetics and how ? I am well aware that no angel of any sense would even be seen near this subject—but, then, I'm no angel ; and my hoofings will at least amuse the reader, angelically sensible. The following detailed analysis, in this and later issues, has a practical aim, in spite of the apparent abstractness of idea, and the inevitable obscurity of statement due to "jumps" in thought and expression ; like any worker, I want to "get on with the job," but, first of all, the ground must be cleared. Frankly, I am trying to arrive at a canon for means of controlling mental response, no matter what the influence (art-form) used, so that the alignment of the arts, which is the basis of the theory of regisseur production outlined in IRELAND TO-DAY, Vol. I, No. 1, may be achieved. In doing so and in using that canon as a basis for criticism, I have and shall always try to arrive at my conclusions neutrally, as laid down in 1 last month.

10. Suppose we consider those two mind-labels, the "lowbrow" and the "highbrow," in some detail. While nobody is altogether one or the other I think they sum up between them the total possible range of taste in any



audience. Most people share some of the qualities of each and the only likely addition by a "middle-brow" is a certain toleration, a willingness to believe in anything that seems at all likely—whereas the real dyed-in-the-wool jazz-fiend or Hindemith ham is very apt indeed to believe only in what is most unlikely, if accepted by his idol. The middlebrow, the "man in the street," reacts similarly, however; his *acceptance* of his reaction, though, is governed by greater attachment to commonsense. And for that very reason I regretfully cannot label myself middlebrow—if I had any commonsense I would not be writing these notes. Still, a study of brows should reveal some things in common on which the artist may rely to "get over" to all his audience. Both extremes of taste agree, at bottom, in desire for *participation*, for letting oneself go with the current of feeling and, if possible, adding to the common pool of enjoyment by personal creation. *This is the diversion* (11). The untutored taste, therefore, likes strong, easily grasped rhythms, plenty of repetition and, above all, unrestrained freedom for activity of a type not hard to master or plan and providing wish-fulfilment and self-inflation—e.g., folk-music (even when complex, since it follows traditional, almost hereditary lines), farces, novelettes, ordinary clowning, etc. Since minute distinction of idea, subtle discrimination of impressions ("ear" in music, colour-sense in painting, "mood" and spirit in drama), and action delicately controlled to achieve the desired end and no more (economy of means, focalisation of interest, suppression of the superfluous) are, or should be, aims of general education and art-training, compliance with these is required to satisfy the *needs* of the tutored mind and to enable it the more effectively and effortlessly to participate. Roughly, while the lowbrow identifies himself almost entirely with the thing contemplated and surrenders to the effects it induces in him—if it agrees with his sense-habits; the highbrow, *in addition*, identifies himself with the creator of the thing seen and accordingly appraises the technique used, this giving rise to his intellectual reaction; he, therefore, having first studied the object, *sees himself making it*, to some degree, and estimates the value of the process, the technique used, by its relative agreement with his own "sense of fitness" as outlined above. Thus the lowbrow, "man-in-the-street," attitude is objective—it accepts the final creation without enquiring into its growth, takes it for granted; the highbrow attitude is subjective, it values the thing seen as an enrichment of oneself through association of one's own mind with the creating mind, thereby sensing both the creator's pleasure in the actual process of making or expression and the evolution of the thing seen as an outcome of the impingement of some outside entity or stimulus on the creator's mind, resulting in ordered control of his material to express his reaction. In fact, it is, I think, true to say that *all* appreciation, even of natural non-artificial objects, whether by the most sophisticated or the most uncultured, is subconsciously a remaking of the thing seen in accordance with the method of working revealed by its form. One *feels* the roundness of a statue, the actual balance of its poise, the pleasant proportion of its parts. This is

partly a memory-association, partly an immediate *physical* response, for if the muscles react in tune to music, as they do, there seems to be no reason why they should not do so to rhythmic sensations of any other sort—rhythms of light, of colour-sequence, of lines in drawing, of succession of similar roundnesses in the modelling of, say, a sculptured frieze of many figures or of a single object, such as the human figure, where repetition of similar masses occurs. This muscular *feeling into* the object introduces the notion of *empathy* (13).

11. The function (need-satisfaction—9) of the make-believe instinct (1-4) is the tonic one of *diversion* (10)—akin to the relief felt on “going away for a holiday,” or in change of occupation; the spectator is lifted out of himself by having the stream of his ideas changed from its normal self-centred course to one formed by contemplation of another entity outside himself, whether human or inanimate. Thus, the Theatre is primarily a safety-valve, a means of escape, for both “lowbrow” and “highbrow” alike, from their own immediate nets of existence. In this it has the same purpose as any other art. The only difference is in the ease of escape, for while the lowbrow reaction is almost purely emotional and, therefore, sentimental where ideas are concerned, the highbrow in addition reacts intellectually and requires agreement between emotional reaction and intellectual valuation of that reaction’s truth to a personal code of taste, before attaining the desired relaxation of this critical instinct in forgettal of self. (The frequent shocks and jars he must suffer before reaching this artistic Nirvana are often so *physically* painful that to anyone likely to become a highbrow I would say—“Don’t.”)

12. The “escape” (11) is effected through *participation* (10), through personal identification with the thing seen by projecting oneself into it so that one experiences similar effects. This projection into the work of art holds good for all art and is effected, *without conscious volition*, in two ways—by *empathy* and by *sympathy*: these supply the first, direct reaction in the seeing mind and are quite spontaneous; conscious, intellectual appreciation derives from these through recollection of past, similar experience and a comparison of one with the other, *and is an effort of will* and, therefore, more laborious. Hence reaction to novelty, involving recognition of some difference from the usual or previously known, excites recollection of these and is, therefore, mainly intellectual; reaction to the traditional, to folk-art, is largely sensuous, a matter of habit, not conscious thought. Surprise, the main element of novelty, is, therefore, an intellectual process, whereby the logic of previous experience is shocked into considering and if possible accommodating the new idea. Hence the average distaste of the unorthodox, the novel, the foreign—the mind is not at home, at rest, working along lines of habitual ease. In every activity man is by nature lazy, seeking the line of least resistance always and taking the easiest road—therefore sensuous, intuitive appreciation, requiring no direct effort of will, is always most popular. Noting this well-known fact and accepting it as basic in human nature it is clear that art of most direct

appeal and, therefore, of *greatest social value* must largely work on the sensuous and intuitive. Which brings us back to the factors of first reaction—*empathy* and *sympathy*.

(*To be continued.*)

**ABBHEY.**—Only Maeve O'Callaghan's *The Patriot*, a first production by Hugh Hunt, sets by Tanya Moiseiwitsch, needs mention. This showed some improvement on her *Wind from the West*. She has acquired greater skill in putting ideas over, has, very slightly, deepened those ideas and has introduced more movement, all into almost the same situation. Though getting nowhere and rather cheaply superficial, really live and carefully detailed production made it very entertaining, farcically swift yet fancifully real. Everyone did their best and some were excellent—especially Nora O'Mahoney, whose Miss Tarquin was in many ways the best piece of character-acting seen in Dublin for months and also was fine teamwork, integrally of the play. Indeed, the younger players had the best of it, next best being Cyril Cusack as Dan, a fine study, showing a new sense of relaxation in this actor, a new maturity. This sense of ease, of complete grasp of the flow of a character and ability to express it, was also shown by Brian Carey as Ian and in D. Kelly's Floor Polisher (fine work with little to help in the lines—he put the essence of the Dublin workman alive, very alive, on the stage for us). The sets were good, especially the last one—its lightness and asymmetry were just right; the other was rather too sombre and scattered and the furniture placing resulted sometimes in awkward poses for the players, besides the alcove formula eats up space, not too plentiful here. A show not requiring make-believe (2) and definitely lowbrow (10).

**GATE.**—(Producer, Hilton Edwards; designer, Michael MacLiammoir). Cocteau's *Infernal Machine* is the exact reverse, it demands complete faith in illusion and some thought. In this it is an excellent object-lesson for the points raised in the Theatre-craft series; Dubliners apparently are not prepared to supply either faith or thought enough to really appreciate it. In any case, the production did no more than give us the obvious elements of the play; the staging, a vital factor, was too luscious, though exquisite in colour and mass in Acts 2 and 3 (the best Acts in every way); the magical, semi-superstitious atmosphere of the text was rationalised into a very slangy, rather cheeky, handling of classical fatalism whose modern acceptance in post-war defeatism Cocteau stresses by that slanginess as much as by the casual air with which he switches on the fantastic. This was alright as far as it went, but Cocteau *did* write a tragedy, the Machine does crush his hero (the overdoing of "foreshadowing," which some people objected to, was just the Machine's cogs neatly working together) and to pull the show into perspective, the emotional depth and air of strain should both have been much more intense in Act 1, especially during Jocasta's scene; the next two acts would have been coloured by that tensivity and would have been quite correct as played. In spite of definite failure here and at the end of Act 2, where weak staging killed the Riddle sequence, and woeful ranting and sobstuff from everybody in Act 4 (except Dymoke's Tiresias, a really good study all through), the show was still pleasing, partly for charming acting from everybody in Acts 2 and 3, partly for Roy Irving's delightfully ingenuous Young Soldier and Pat Moore's lively Soldier in Act 1 and partly for the definite drive behind the whole, the smoothness of effect and the general richness, almost over-complexity, of content achieved by author and producer.



This last characteristic, justified this time by the general associations of the text, and supported by robust, well-rounded playing from everybody, made *The Provok'd Wife* a highly successful comedy, rather gross and opulently true to period, and handled with such graceful vigour, with balletic group-movement, gestures and poses and with really integral music, that all made it a joy to watch, I liked especially the Prologue, scenes 2, 10, 11, and 13 mainly for these last three qualities as well as for lovely lighting effects and charming sets, props and costumes. The acting all round was excellent, notably the producer's Sir John Brute, hilariously funny in Pantomime Dame style in scenes 10 and 12, rather repellently truthful in scene 13; Esme Biddle's Lady Fanciful, a beautifully consistent piece of spoken ballet . . . her reactions to Cecil Monson's violin trill, a lovely touch itself, were an example. Roy Irving's Heartfree revealed a new maturity and a character-sense that made him live on the stage; Sheila May, too, has improved in this way, and her Mademoiselle was a very lively result. But generally good playing was a feature of the month's shows. Incidentally, Michael MacLiammoir's Oedipus, so delightfully natural and ingenuous in Acts 2 and 3 of *The Infernal Machine*, arouses definite hopes for his Hamlet, but his ranting later and his rather affected, heavy handling of Constant here make the betting even. However, the Gate can still be relied on to be interesting and, above all, stylish, even when the play is tackled from the wrong angle, as has happened . . . the most usual being a sensuousness which masks the finer, subtler shades of feeling and thought. Both these shows revealed this tendency, so what of *Hamlet*?

A very interesting, in fact, essential book, is Stanislavsky's latest, *An Actor Prepares* (Geoffrey Bles. 313 pp.+viii. 15s.). There is plenty of "drive" in this book, it all leads to one end, which is a very close and detailed statement of what is so obvious as to be often forgotten . . . that the actor must have a definite aim, must drive and be driven by it at the same time and his playing must reveal this in every subordinate detail to be genuinely valuable *acting*. It is a very practical and sensitive book, showing a conscientiously slow moving but really noble mind grappling with that most delicate problem: reverence for the spiritual content of the actor's art, so delicate that quite a few theatre-folk have never even heard of it. I have only one fault to find: undue subdivision without adequate summary has often blurred sequence of idea; also earlier insistence on *visualisation as a whole* would have shortened the book and made it more compelling. The views stated are the fruit of 30 years' work and study, during which they steadily developed and the value of that life's work is shown by the fact that it is possible for us, coming years later to the same conclusions, to do so unhampered and, therefore, sooner because Stanislavsky's ideas have spread and cleared the road for us of much of the obstruction which hampered himself when first trying to reach the truth. All that need be done now is to help in spreading his ideas. They, the basic truth of the art of acting, are contained in this book. But while anyone can understand it, only born actors will use it—because only they will feel the need of it. An artist is always preparing, few actors prepare, therefore few actors are artists . . . The proof is in the acting. Actors who prepare will also like *Theatre Workshop*, a New York quarterly of Marxist outlook: art, therefore, is apt to be treated materialistically as a mere machine for controlling audience-reaction. There is, though, a definite regard for humanity, a social responsibility innate in the ideas presented and also an unusually practical and matter of fact handling of stage problems; and, besides, the intelligent artist should have a philosophy sufficiently spiritual to transform science into art—otherwise he is not an artist, to my mind.

# FILM

## AT THE CINEMA

THERE is only one Garbo, which is as much as to say that she is the greatest actress on the screen to-day. There is an integrity about the woman which cuts across the fickleness of legend and the false glamour that publicity casts around her.

CAMILLE is a test piece successfully essayed only by the greatest actresses, and Garbo is with these. Here is a film which collapses in the face of the standards she sets as an artist, and it is as well, because Cukor, its director, is forced to the presentation of the art of this great woman and not to the fake regisseurism ballyhooed "for Romeo and Juliet."

Aided by the photography of William Daniels and Karl Freund, Garbo, with delicate thrusts, reveals the soul of Marguerite Gautier. The lightest flung words from her lips are backed by the woman's reserve of experience and intuition, while in the more tragic moments she is not left exhausted by the depths of revelation. The range of mood and feeling is tremendous. Her success is unquestionable and makes a slight unpleasantness of speech almost unnoticeable. Incidentally, the excellent recording achieved in the collective bed sequence of "The Gorgeous Hussy," is again reproduced at times in this film, making silences doubly effective.

The outstanding failure of the film was Lionel Barrymore as old Duval. In the renunciation scene he gave nothing to Garbo, and one got the impression of her playing to a stone wall, or rather that image is misleading, as Barrymore was not the stone wall, dramatically speaking. Robert Taylor as Armand, while not bad was yet not good, and let down some of the scenes. At times he must have been a considerable strain on Garbo's imagination.

Henry Daniels as the Baron de Varville was all that the part required, and the hard egotistical masterly quality was well brought out. In the piano sequence with Garbo, there was a nice combination of direction and playing. The worldly meanness and cattishness scantily concealed beneath their fripperies were excellently shown in the Olympe and Prudence of Lenore Ulric and Laura Hope Crews. Other players were good and the settings never jarred.

Garbo is now working on "Countess Walewska" with Charles Boyer as Napoleon, photographed by William Daniels and directed by her most sympathetic director, Clarence Brown.

As films go *THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS* is worth a visit, if only for the dramatic scope fully availed of by the Irish players in the comedy scenes. That a great play has, however, been perverted and crudely and sentimentally presented must be granted. As a film it is of little value and possessed no cinematic development. An occasional change or dramatisation of camera angle dragged in by the back of the neck fails to impress an audience and merely indicates the usual Hollywood ostrich technique.

Barry Fitzgerald as Fluther Good was superb and given opportunity, at the expense of the film he it remarked, he showed that the Dublin character interpreted through his great actor's personality could vividly live in the cinema. Una O'Connor as Mrs. Gogan was more adaptable to the camera in her technique and was moving and comical in turns as her part demanded, and in her conflicts with Eileen Crowe as Bessie Burgess, showed perfect team work. This latter actress was very good indeed, and her performance as Bessie was far ahead of anything she is doing in the theatre at present. If the part was

somewhat thrown out of focus by a happy ending that was scarcely her fault. What she got to do she did well. J. M. Kerrigan, F. J. McCormick and Denis O'Dea were good, and the latter showed that he could be something more than a lay figure in a scene.

While the Irish players were generally good, the failure to capture the meaning of the play and the spirit of the rebellion was conspicuous. Sentimental hokum, bourgeois humanitarianism and Hollywood playing at conspiracy, set the keynote of the central theme. In other words, the picture is a cheap misrepresentation of one of the few great moments in Irish history. It was not necessary to twist the reality of the revolt (that is the presentation of the reality through the awareness of protagonists and spectators) to emphasise the futility of war as seen through Nora Clithero's eyes. Expressionism is not hokum. Arthur Shields as the rebel leader (Pearse?) presented his role on the plane of a hypochondriacal peeve, and was ably assisted in his fanatical fervour by the devout, but indigestion suffering glances of his pathological friend, Moroni Olsen (Connolly?). If these characters were seriously intended as representations of Pearse and Connolly, it is an interesting revelation of the mentality of our "Irish" players.

Jack and Nora Clithero, played by the Americans, Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck, while under certain disadvantages, were not made the most of. Stanwyck played with tenderness in her earlier scenes, but failed lamentably in the more poignant passages. Foster's playing was uncertain. A happy ending threw these characterisations out of focus, and the direction was definitely not helpful.

Technically, the film was crude. Bad sets, unimaginative lighting and mediocre photography were added to the uncinematic scenario. At times the discrepancies were startlingly present. For instance, the raising of a blind to let the sunlight into a room is followed at a considerable interval by the studio lights coming on with a bang. The bullet-pierced pillars of the G.P.O. reveal in close-up the canvas underlying the plaster. A shot in bright daylight in a park is simultaneous with a room lit by an oil lamp. In the G.P.O. scene one was startled by what appeared to be Peadar O'Donnell masquerading in the robe of a Franciscan, obviously borrowed from "Ramona." Such defects were all too numerous, while the groupings and general atmosphere of the Dublin streets were laughable. The poverty of the film was that of the studio and not that of the slum.

The film does justice neither to O'Casey nor to Ireland, and one might add not even to Hollywood. Were it not for the fact that it contained Barry Fitzgerald, Una O'Connor, and a few others, it might be dismissed briefly with a caution. John Ford, its director, has done good work before with "The Iron Horse" and "Up the River," but it looks as if the Irish subject had better be left for someone else.

It would seem as if Alexander Korda had started off on the glory of world conquest and ended up as a draper's assistant. The team of international film experts collected by the impresario have not had an opportunity of expending their talents on one decent film which would have liberated imagination in the cinema. Stodgy pretentious Wellsian fantasy has marked the peak achievement of Korda, and personalities have swamped good work. Korda has represented the Hollywood personality factory at its worst. Korda has lamentably failed to work the miracle of putting English films on the map.

THE MAN WHO COULD WORK MIRACLES is at least an improvement on "Things to Come," but is, nevertheless, a starring vehicle for Roland Young,



who is quite good, indeed, throughout most of the film. As an exploitation of the magical tricks of Ned Mann the film also finds a justification and reverts to the Melies function, as when in the early days stunts drew the crowd to a cinema surrounded by mystery and magic.

The idea in this film is, in some ways, interesting. Little Mr. Fotheringay, while he may provide many external changes and miracles, feels himself up against the irresistible force of human nature, against which his power is useless. The will to evil is always free to combat his plans for good and selfishness is always there to direct the evil force. But the Wellsian hero, himself disillusioned and cynical finds himself in the maelstrom of an egocentric reaction, and without reference to the source of his power he is lost. But the Watcher of the Skies does not quite abandon him and as satisfactory an ending is provided as can be expected from H. G. Wells. Technically, the film is poor with an uninteresting sequence. The interest is always external to the film, and a crudity of handling is only overcome by the attractive idea of the theme and Young's acting. Lothar Mendes, Vincent Korda, Hal Rosson and H. G. Wells sponsor the production, and Mischa Spoliansky contributes pleasant but incongruous music. Ralph Richardson as the veteran warrior and Ernest Thesiger as the representative of religion give performances, good theatrically, but striking a jarring note in a film. Edward Chapman plays with a good sense of satire. The film is definitely entertaining but we should like to see a good *film* some day, especially from people who appear to have some qualifications for making one.

A DAY AT THE RACES, directed by Sam Wood, is a vehicle for the inimitable and anarchical humour of the Marx Brothers. As a film it moves from incident to incident making little concession to conscious continuity but abandoning itself to a surrealist extravaganza in its specifically Marxian moments. Of course there is a hero and heroine, and these act as a drag on the tempo. However, their presence is possibly justified as a calm contrast. Two further interpolations of an excellent ballet and a negro revels bring the film into the realm of revue. As usual, Harpo ranges from childlike yet slightly malvolent mime to the serious display of his harper's art, the gentle and helpful Chico acts as metteur-en-scene, and Groucho directs the waves of cinematic insanity with his curious stride and self-defensive, suspicious and resentful side glance. A really funny film and in the grand tradition.

As superlatives should be kept for the greatest and noblest films, so should expletives be kept for the lowest and cheapest products of the pretentious mind. The occasion for the use of the latter has come—NIGHT MUST FALL.

Some few years ago I came across a copy of the "Theatre World" devoted to the West-End success by Emlyn Williams, eulogized as a brilliant playwright. No indication as to where the genius lay could be gleaned from the plot synopsis or the extensive dialogue quotation which acted as footnotes to the illustrations of what appeared to be a rather mediocre stage presentation. However, there was something in this sordid story which apparently could give points to Shakespeare, Ibsen, or O'Neill. It was not spoken of as a mere financial success; it was mentioned reverently as a brilliant play. Seen by Robert Montgomery at the time the rights of it were acquired by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after years of being importuned by this young actor, who wished to play the murderer, Danny, and now we have the result.

Seeing the trailer, Montgomery almost convinced me that there might be something in the thing. The film dispels any such illusion. The non-commercial non-accommodating nature of the plot was mentioned. It is these things

in so far as an audience will resent dull inhuman characters uttering "significant" dialogue that signifies nothing and gets nowhere. A Sunday paper true life story revelation told without the journalist's sense of drama. An actor's play in so far as there isn't any play. And as a film, well, John van Druten wrote the script. Two heads are better than one, old man. Richard Thorpe directed, but, perhaps, he was overawed by the precious collection of Art he was handling. To give the final touch to the aesthetic conspiracy, the symphonic accompaniments to the most pedestrian and unimaginative shots drew tears of honest laughter from the gallery.

Of the acting what shall we say in extenuation? Mr. Montgomery (not the censor) claims the play as his own, so he must take what's coming to him. As Danny he flopped hopelessly. His playing was amateurishly pretentious. Rosalind Russell showed that she could hold that expression of frozen "refinement" on her face for the length of a whole film. Dame May Whitty and the actress who played the Cook escape censure.

I fully expect to hear quite a lot about artistry in the cinema during the next few weeks and notice that the great masterpiece is being presented for the delectation of the patrons of our principal repertory theatre. May the dear old ladies and flashy janes who frequent the cinemas and theatres showing the Williams' chef d'oeuvre, after they have read this notice, be haunted by 'murdering' Dannies for the rest of their foolish existence.

MORGENROT sharing a programme with the Anna Sten film, "A Woman Alone," at the Stephen's Green, is one of those rare films which act as a call to order in the Cinema. A film with something to present it does so with simplicity and nobility. (Simplicity: that is what the public despises—Cocteau). The picture says all there is to be said about war in a few words, realistically yet with depth and vision—without the obscuring trumpeting of propaganda. Opening in a railway station with the departure of a submarine commander and his crew for their field of action, a love triangle is naturally and unobtrusively introduced. Subsequent action alternates between the sea and the hometown of the submarine's crew. An important enemy ship is sunk by the submarine. Rejoicing in the town. A party of important townspeople come to congratulate the commander's mother on her son's victory. But the old woman swings the incident into perspective. "There is nothing to congratulate me about. Our men have done their duty and won. Other men have done theirs and died. This time we have been lucky. Let us thank God . . . But I thank you, you mean well." War in spite of the propagandists is the tragedy of those who mean well. Again the action shifts to the sea. An apparently derelict ship acts as a decoy to the submarine and in a highly ironic sequence the submarine is truck by a destroyer and ten survivors of the catastrophe are trapped in a compartment equipped with eight life savers. Two commit suicide leaving the way clear for their companions. But the acceptance of life by the eight places an obligation on the remainder to sail and sail until they find peace in death. The end of the film is another departure from a railway station. To detach and analyse the playing is impossible so closely does the direction bind it into the whole film. One does not get the impression of studio or artificiality but of an experience lived through and illuminated. Rudolf Forster as the Commander was vitally alive, and the young actor who plays Fips is a cinematic phenomenon in his naturalness. The mother of Adele Sandroock and the other two women were humanly portrayed. Each member of the crew gave masterpieces of characterisation. Stapenhurst and Gustav Ucicky have made a film in the best German tradition.

It is to be hoped that "Morgenrot" will be a great success and the beginning of a series of Continental releases which will include "Kermesse Heroique," "Pepe le Moko" and "Mayerling." It's about time Dublin ceased being provincial.

A WOMAN ALONE, directed by Eugene Frenke, from a screen story by Fedor Otsep, and beautifully photographed by Jack Cox, is an uneven film. Somewhat reminiscent of Tolstoy's "Resurrection," and apparently trading on a casting to type of Anna Sten, of whom this was my first glimpse, it yet provides quite pleasant entertainment, with cliché situations, no doubt, but with some quite well directed sequences and effective use of cinematic device. The dance sequence at the wedding festival was one such little fling of director and author. Sten is of the European group of actors, who still suggest a sense of spiritual realities. She is a master of cinematic subtlety in her playing, and one wishes that one could have seen her in "Tempest" with Jannings, or in "The Brothers Karamazoff" with Kortner, or in her earlier Russian films directed by Otsep and Barnet.

Henry Wilcoxon is a poor foil to her talent, but a very good performance is given by John Garrick. Viola Keats, Esme Percy, and Francis Sullivan are also quite good.

LIAM O LAOGHAIRE

#### MUSIC—continued from page 63

given by them. The programme consisted of an orchestra of some forty instrumentalists, a vocalist and an instrumental soloist. To put the matter politely, I would like to say that I do not think they were overpaid. I mention the matter only because it gives point to some recent criticisms of the scale of remuneration deemed adequate by our national broadcasting service.

Added to all these difficulties is the problem of financing the work of the Society. One can see from the balance-sheet the extreme care used in the handling of available funds; but even with the maximum of economy each concert costs about seventy pounds to present. One would think that the collection of this sum would not be a matter of difficulty in a large city where orchestral concerts are few. But the apathy of the people is such that promoters of concerts only dream of such figures, unless the concert is "for something," when the dervishes turn up *en masse* and luxuriate in various crudities. In an attempt to guarantee the necessary funds for the Society the Annual-Subscriber scheme was adopted. A payment of an annual subscription of half-a-guinea entitles the subscriber to that value of concert tickets. The scheme is apparently meeting with some success, but the day when the Society can look forward to building up financial reserves to guarantee the expansion of its activities is far distant.

As I said, the history of the Society and its difficulties is the history more or less of most amateur orchestral organisations in Ireland. I believe it used be said by men that they came from "Mayo—God help us!" Presently we may be saying that we come from Ireland—God help us!

EAMONN O GALLCHOBHAIIR



## CORRESPONDENCE

### REPLY TO FATHER WHITE

SIR,

Father Victor White's very valuable letter demands a reply. With your permission I will try to answer it, prefacing my remarks with the suggestion that Fr. White's objections are possibly not his own but those of imaginary persons ; for it seems to me he could have answered them himself as well as I can.

CLASS WAR.—It should be recognised that the thing we call class war is not in any sense a "got up" thing : it exists inevitably by reason of the existence of two mutually inimical classes. The slaves and the free of Ancient Rome, for example, were mutually inimical classes, and the proletarian wage-slaves of modern times on the one hand and their masters and employers and the owners of capital on the other are similarly at enmity of necessity. I do not deny that wage earners have to a large extent become contaminated by bourgeois notions—what with P.O. Savings and Co-ops. and war Loans—but it is false to suggest, therefore, that the antagonism is the result of the efforts of agitators on either side, and it is false to suggest that reformers are to blame as fomenters of class war. The class war exists and they only are to blame who refuse to recognise it or who resist reform.

PROFIT SHARING.—I said in my article that it was no remedy to share out the profits with the workers for this would only make the workers as capitalistic minded and as profit-seeking as their masters. Fr. White says that this result will be obviated if the workers "convert their profits into property and become property owners." This misses my point. It is this : if you run a certain enterprise for the sake of profit, even if you make all the workers "shareholders" the enterprise does not cease to be run for profit. On the contrary, it is more run for profit than before for there are more profit seekers in it than there were. Moreover, there will still remain the outside shareholders, the moneylenders, the financiers. Does Father White suggest, as we do, that these should be "liquidated?" If the suggestion is that the workers will save enough from their profits to enable them to retire from the business, well, I can only say this seems extremely unlikely—and if they retire, will their places be taken by others? And those others—will they also go into the thing only in order to retire?

OWNERSHIP.—Fr. White demurs to my statement that "the workers are the rightful owners and controllers of industry," and he goes on to say that "neither the machines nor their products are the fruits *solely* of their labour on their own material." It is true, of course, that in our present society the labour of the workers is not expended on their own material and that they do not work with their own machines, but the point is that they should do so, and when I said the workers are the rightful owners I meant simply that they had the right to be, inasmuch as according to the analogy of scripture "the hireling flieth because he is an hireling and hath no care for the sheep." Surely it is clear that the capitalist as such produces nothing : he simply lends his money. If he works as manager or director of an enterprise, then he is one of the necessary workers and should come into the revolution with the rest of us. There is no real or decent reason why he should side with the moneylenders. Merely lending money does not give a man the right to control production ; and as St. Paul is reported to have said : "He that does not work, neither let him eat."

BUREAUCRACY.—Fr. White says he wants the workers to be in a position to decide for themselves, but adds that he does not mean "a collectivity of the workers, still less a bureaucracy of party bosses," etc. This brings us, of course, to the main point, which is: What are we to do with an industrially organised society? That was the point of my article. We live in such a society and we must act in accordance with its nature. In such a society enterprises *must* be owned collectively because they are not otherwise ownable and they are not otherwise controllable. As things are at present our enterprises are controlled by the majority vote of shareholders—persons whose only interest is and naturally must be the profits they are getting. That is the iniquitous thing, that we are controlled by moneylenders; and even if it be contended that shareholders themselves are at the mercy of cliques of financiers and bankers that is only putting the matter a step further back, for the bankers themselves are controlled by their shareholders and they again controlled by cliques, whose only concern is profits.

REALISM.—Fr. White should not accuse me of "acquiescence in things as they are." It is not a case of acquiescence but of recognition. You can't get out of a ditch by pretending you aren't in it. The first thing to be done is to recognise the nature of our society; and my contention is that we can neither preserve the good nor abolish the evil of industrialism unless we take it over. Then, and then alone, shall we be in a position to destroy it if we decide so to do; for if you cannot control a thing which is someone else's, neither can you break it up. Shall we ask the capitalists to be so kind as to destroy their own world because we don't like it? No, we must gain command of that world and then we shall be in the position to decide whether or no mass production and machine industry are of such a kind as to be worth preserving. The capitalist as such can neither ask nor answer such a question. *Quomodo potest Satanas Satanam ejicere?*

ERIC GILL

Pigotts, High Wycombe,  
31st July, 1937.

# BOOK SECTION

## THE IRISH SHELF

### WORK OF MODERN IRISH SCHOLARS

FOURTEENTH CENTURY STUDIES. By M. V. Clarke. (Clarendon Press. pp. 317 21s.).

*Fourteenth Century Studies* is a collection of the historical essays of a distinguished Irishwoman, whose tragic death nearly two years ago was a great loss to Irish and English history. Miss Clarke, whose papers are here edited by two colleagues, was Vice-Principal of Somerville College, Oxford. Despite the arduous duties of academic life she found time to engage in historical research. Her work was so considerable that already two volumes of important papers have appeared posthumously, and a third—*The Register of Tristernagh*—is being edited by her literary executors for the Irish Manuscripts Commission.

A graceful memoir prefaced to the present work makes a fitting tribute to this gentle scholar. Miss Clarke's family was originally called O'Clery, and it is of interest to reflect that she was, therefore, descended from the hereditary historians of the O'Donnells.

The greater part of her work in Irish history was concerned with the history of the Anglo-Irish parliament. It is not too much to say that her investigations marked the commencement of the scientific study of this aspect of medieval Irish history. In particular, she has shown the parallel development of the central institution in England and in Ireland. An expert in fourteenth-century history, she was able to turn her specialised knowledge to good use, particularly in her studies of the Irish parliament under Edward II, and of the origin of the Irish Modus—a fourteenth-century description of the composition and procedure of parliament. Her studies in English history ranged more widely, and dealt rather with minutiae. They will encourage the student of history to carry out similar investigations for himself, and to appraise at their true value the works of other historians.

Miss Clarke's impartiality as a historian will be readily discernible to the Irish reader. For example, on page 16 of the present work she has shown a great understanding of the real facts of Irish history.

Her study of the deposition of Richard II, at the close of the fourteenth century, reveals clearly how fiction can replace fact in official records, and how dangerous it is to accept official statements made by interested partisans in control of state machinery, where all such are not corroborated satisfactorily by independent testimony. Irish historians, from their experience of the frequent occurrence of such untrustworthy statements, are less likely to need this lesson than is the student of English history.

In regard to several of the present studies it must be said that Miss Clarke's other volume, *Medieval Representation and Consent*, should be perused, as some of the views appearing in the present collection were amended in that volume. It would have been well had the editors made more frequent references to these corrections. The Irish articles in the present work are particularly in need of such references. Thus, on page 162 there are several statements which were substantially modified in *Medieval Representation and Consent*.

It must be mentioned that the editorial work appears, on the whole, to have been well done, several technical mistakes which appeared in the first posthumous work having been here corrected; there is, however, a misleading third



footnote on page 163, and, in the same note, reference might have been made to T.C.D. MS. E. 4. 6, of which Laud MS. 526 is but a copy. On the following page an authority appearing in roman type should have been given in italics. As the Clarendon Press has a high standard in these matters, it has been thought advisable to refer to this.

The present volume does not include all those works of Miss Clarke which appeared in historical publications. The article, "Committees of Estates and the Deposition of Edward II," which is referred to in Mr. Woodward's prefatory memoir, mentioned above, has been omitted. In a volume of collected essays such an omission should not have been made.

R. D. E.

PLUTARCH'S LIFE OF ARATUS. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. H. Porter, M.A. (*Cork University Press*. pp. cv. + 96. 5s.).

Aratus, son of Cleinias, born in 271 B.C. at Sicyon, a small city on the south shore of the Gulf of Corinth some distance west of the Isthmus, returned to his birthplace nineteen years later from the city of Argos, to which he had escaped in boyhood after the assassination of his father. For the next forty years until his death he ruled over Sicyon in a liberal spirit, and during that period raised the Achaean League, of which he was seventeen times chief magistrate, to an unprecedented position of strength. In an earlier time the League, as increased by Aratus, would have exercised a decisive and permanent influence on Greek politics. The circumstances of the day, however, inevitably made its force intermittent and liable to fast decline.

Aratus' age was one of the quick rise and fall of individual rulers in the many cities, no longer enjoying the sturdy independence once theirs, of a Greece, fast falling into a material and cultural decay, which was shortly to experience its first direct contact with the Roman Power, then rising in the west in its full vigour to a position where, "a willing captive to a captured state," it was to act as a most effective medium for the territorial diffusion and, in the last resort, transmission to the modern world through the Catholic Church of Greek thought and ideas. The period covered by Aratus' active life is, in fact, while not in every sense a unity, the last age of Ancient Greece, whose political history is of interest; and it was fitting that its close should see the final collapse in its traditional inter-state environment of that Sparta, which was, in many ways, an outstanding representative of the Greek political mode. It would, indeed, be true to say that the possibility for history on the plane familiar to millions of students of Greek in all generations, with its quick succession of complicated "world" events on a small checker-board, chronicled by some of the greatest masters of prose and illustrated by some of the best of the world's poets, then ceased for all time to exist. It was a period in which the lack of stability in Greece proper, coupled with the menace to the continued existence of the Greek world in its indispensable isolation from outside physical interference, had all but choked the springs of Greek genius, which was compelled, for its exercise, to find a new home in an Egypt and a Pergamum whose Hellenised Macedonian rulers, successors to Alexander's conquests, were able, owing to the accumulation of great wealth, through the pursuit in intrinsically wealthy territory of a commercial system run on lines very like those familiar in our day, to patronise and liberally subsidise sculptors and writers who were glad to endure exile.

The present volume, the work of a lecturer of the National University, is in every sense a credit to both editor and publisher. The text, in which is incorporated a number of valuable emendations by the editor, is excellently

set up in a large, clear type, and adequately annotated, with an appendix on the main manuscript sources and earlier editions. The chief interest of this edition, however, centres in the introduction which, embracing over ninety pages, is a scholarly exegesis on the period, in which all the available evidence from literary and epigraphic sources is synthesised in an admirable manner and with the most convincing results. Those results are, of necessity, as Aratus stands right in the middle of the historical stage of the time, important not only for the history of his life but for the history of the whole contemporary Greek world. Of especially wide interest are those sections dealing with the social reforms in Sparta in the twenties of the third century, and their repercussions elsewhere, and with the constitution of the Achaean League. The style of the introduction is an easy one with many expressions and illustrations borrowed from modern political life, which have the effect of vivifying the events described.

C. C. CREMIN

PIRANDELLO. By Walter Starkie, Litt.D. (*John Murray*. pp. 276. 5s.).

It is difficult to believe that Pirandello is dead just as it is difficult to imagine why Schopenhauer ever bothered to remain alive as long as he did. The latter must have as many suicides to his discredit as the Nazi Government, yet he himself was so galling an example of a grunter and a sweater under a weary life as to shame the most vacillating of Elsinore's princes. Pirandello carries on the Schopenhauerian tradition of pessimism. Everything is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds. But he is so truly representative of the post-war generation, so outstandingly symbolical of contemporary life, that his death in 1936 seems incredible.

It was Pirandello who found a new formula for Hamlet, the seventeenth century hero of indecision—a hero who tuned in miraculously with the flotsam spirit of this generation. In London Hamlet's modernity had to be emphasized by casting off his doublet and hose for plus fours, but in Rome we find in Henry IV, in Pirandello's play of that name, the genuine royal descendant of Shakespeare's character. In the uncertainty and anguish of Pirandello's creatures we find the most unique reflection of the uneasy modern world, "with its steel and stress" (in Dr. Starkie's happy phrase).

Who better than Pirandello caught the inability to opt or to act of a generation nourished on cocktails and popular tracts on Relativity, with an insistence on the special merits of an exclusive personal reality? Gide was seer to-day and faun to-morrow. Proust found his sustenance in the sodden scone of the day before yesterday. James Joyce changed his mind in the middle of a word. Painters hovered between a classical cubism and an indeterminate romantic surrealism. Freud came between the Thinking Man and his pipe, and paralysed an inhibited world in which the hesitation waltz became the rage. And it is this world vitiated, shaken and *imprécis* that becomes the world for Pirandello's cruel mirror.

Dr. Starkie, in some 300 pages, covers the whole ground of Pirandello's work. He correlates Pirandello the novelist, the short story writer, the Sicilian regionalist with Pirandello the dramatist. He traces his ancestry back to the *Commedia dell'arte* and the puppet play. He finds the same jerky Sicilian style in Verga—a novelist who should be better known in English-speaking countries and whom D. H. Laurence tried to popularise with his translation of *Mastro don Gesualdo*. Dr. Starkie has a passion for parallel and comparison which illumines his critical survey and which reminds one of the manner of Arthur

Symons. No student of Pirandello, of Italian literature, of drama in general or of the whole panorama of contemporary European literary thought can afford not to read Dr. Starkie's book.

A. J. LEVENTHAL

### SCOTLAND

MODERN SCOTLAND. By Cicely Hamilton. (*Dent*. pp. x+239. Illustrated. 7s. 6d.).

Miss Hamilton has presented her Scotland with a disarming unpretentiousness, yet she cannot disclaim the just if trite tribute we feel bound to make in hailing her as an acute observer. The profuse illustrations are, perhaps, such as the ordinary guide-book furnishes us with, but her *exposé* of the country, as it is, is a masterly, simple piece of analysis and synthesis. We see not the mere physical configurations, the scenic beauties, the industries, the town life, nor even merely the manners and customs of the people—we are steeped in its traditions and equipped to perceive and understand her *problems*. Rarely has the reviewer presented to him so quick a grasp of the very essence of a country's being; the *présent* one, denied the opportunity before now of seeing his own country through such revealing spectacles, proposes to read *Modern Ireland* at the very first moment, too.

Nor is Ireland left out of *Modern Scotland* either. How tellingly is Scotland's whole history thus epitomised, for if Scotland can claim to have colonized north-east Ulster and imparted to its people some of its own desirable characteristics, was not Ireland the first colonizer, and no true understanding of Scotland can be found without reference to the constant historic interplay of Ireland. No other nation has so readily abandoned Empire as Ireland. Perhaps we were too ready to do so, and a growing interest in and interchange with our brothers in Scotland would be mutually profitable.

Perhaps Miss Hamilton sensed all this as she dwells, ever illuminatingly and brightly, on the very problems that concern us intimately: such as the Scottish nationalist movement, Irish immigration, the Catholic Church and Catholic education in Scotland, the growing disparity in the trend of birth-rates between the Scottish proper and the Catholic Irish, in the latter's favour, of course. And on other problems, too, which ring strangely familiar and help us to a greater understanding of our own problems: such as the slum problem, rural depopulation, the endeavour to preserve the Gaelic language, and many another.

A treasure to add to every Irish shelf and to use often.

K. H.

THE PEAT FIRE FLAME. By Alasdair Alpin McGregor. (*The Moray Press*, Edinburgh. 12s. 6d.).

The islands of Scotland's western coast have been immortalized in their songs, which have proved as cosmopolitan as the folk tunes of any country. Less is known of the folk tales of the region, even if these are often closely associated with the songs and, indeed, the combined story and song recital is a favourite device of many harpists from the Isles. In Alasdair McGregor's book a comprehensive collection of stories and legends is assembled for the pleasure of the reader, who may, or may not, be particularly attracted by the Celtic imagination of generations of a peasant race living in close contact with unspoiled nature.

Hundreds of tales are grouped without an attempt to destroy the individual merits of the story by linked textual irrelevancies, as is often common where



the author obtrudes himself between the reader and the object of his enthusiasms.

The stories envisage the landscape and chapter headings—"Cave lore," "Storm kelpies," "Well lore," etc., are preludes to the magic of the tales. Of course there are the Fairies and Seal folk, witch tales and tales of haunted places, and the volume might easily stand on the Irish bookshelf beside Yeat's "Irish Fairy and Folk Tales."

An attractive volume, illustrated with excellent photographs taken by the author on his many wanderings through the highlands and islands of his country.

LIAM O LAOGHAIRE

## POETRY AND DRAMA

REALIZATION. A Philosophy of Poetry. By Hugh McCarron, S.J. (*Sheed and Ward*. 5s.).

An understanding of one's subject so personal as Father McCarron's of this, and so purposely adequate and no more, must make it very difficult to examine it with that detachment of distance which is too often praised as "philosophical" when it indicates no more than a lack of interest. This author's singleness of mind, therefore, his disregard of the usual not very relevant considerations, such as bibliography, the history of poetic theory and argument with dead authors who cannot reply, are very refreshing, besides being economical.

Father McCarron, in effect, rejects the classical theory of poetry which tends to make of the poet a dogmatist in morals, and the romantic theory which approximates him to a prophet, for one which makes of poetry a kind of gathering in and a new demonstration, strictly on a human plane: "I am going to use constantly the word 'realize' because it contains the pitch of my meaning. Vision is too presumptuous, intuition, perhaps, too vague. Imagination is a slippery word, for, sometimes used in the same meaning as realization, it is used in other more restricted meanings, too." Realization proceeds from all the faculties of man in unison, a joyful possession of the object moving by the man as a moving, living organism. The object of poetry is the interrelationship of things around us. Finally, the poet is an agent of God, for, painfully aware of the "glaring puzzling disharmony" he yet observes the tendency to union in all things, to be fulfilled only in God and so bears witness to harmony.

Why, in spite of this lofty interpretation, does the book disappoint by leaving an impression of factualness? The author would probably not deny this quality for he repeatedly affirms his admiration for the thing rounded, complete and concrete, object and action, which reminds one very forcibly of Gerard Manley Hopkins. However, the elucidation of the nature of poetry calls for a vast reading among the best minds: it would be too nice to think out *ab origine*; and where a problem cannot be reasoned, it seems best to defer to authority. Indeed, the best thing to do with this book is to read it, as it seems superfluous to write about books which describe, not define; this one with its sincerity and vigour will give great profit.

DENIS DEVLIN

SHAW: GEORGE *versus* BERNARD. J. P. Hackett. (*Sheed and Ward*. viii+216. 6s.).

This is hardly as "brilliant" as the publishers suggest, but is still a very keen study of Shaw's philosophy. What I liked best was the author's style—

his conversational ease, his steady good humour, his equally steady refusal to be spellbound by the spellbinder of our century. And Shaw is *so* plausible !

His own philosophy is Catholic enough to be really tolerant in its reactions and in expression of those reactions—and that, truly, is all too rare. George the theorist he dislikes—too muddleheaded ; Bernard the fiery advocate of freedom, the clearminded apostle of austerity (like a certain other Bernard) he equally admires and so do we all. An admirable study of the intriguing quality of Shaw—so pleasant that, perhaps, after all, it is brilliant. Read it and see for yourself.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS

### TOTALITARIAN EDUCATION

THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM. By Edward Yarnall Hartshorne, Jun. (*George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.* 6s. net).

The adjective "National," always, alas ! suggests to me either the tyranny of an ideology, pure and simple, or the tyranny of an exploiting class using an ideology as a weapon. When we are told that the Universities should serve the Nation, I ask what is meant by the Nation—is it the community ? or is it the prejudices of a group of fanatics ? or is it the interests of a group of exploiters ? It is obvious that the Universities should serve the community. But to me it is obvious, also, that they can best do so by preserving their freedom from all ideologies and all political partisanship, as also from all groups of exploiters. The Universities must have absolute freedom. Truth, and hence the best interests of the "Nation" can only be attained by complete freedom of discussion and freedom of thought. At the same time there is much truth in the contention that, while keeping alight the torch of Science, of Truth for its own sake, the Universities should make sane effort to appreciate the needs of the community, to understand its hopes and ideals, and, above all, to prepare their students for their work in life. As it is, the Universities, in Ireland, as elsewhere, have been too apt to turn out graduates, with, perhaps, what is called a "general education," but fitted only to swell the ranks of unemployed teachers. (Anybody with a degree is presumed able to teach !) Mr. Hartshorne's book is a carefully documented and extremely fair examination of the position of the German Universities under the tyranny of the National-Socialist ideology.

The Treaty of Versailles is the ultimate cause of Hitlerism. Mr. Hartshorne admits that, under Hitlerism, there is a net loss to science, balanced inadequately by a somewhat dubious gain to Germany. The chief gain is the limitation of the number of students, and hence a decrease in unemployment after graduation. The new stress on a physical fitness and defence-mindedness (*Wehrhaftigkeit*) tends to a militaristic outlook, although, at the same time, it discourages the over-intellectual attitude and the seclusion of the ivory-tower. The losses to science (and to the community also !) are immense. Many distinguished scholars have been dismissed. The University budget has been loaded with supernumerary pensions, and the funds available for scientific research decreased. "But far graver . . . is the hidden burden of self-deception, hypocrisy, and compromise" (p. 170). Mr. Hartshorne refers to the "pall of petty revenge and of heartless oppression." The "academic atmosphere" has been destroyed. The curriculum has been loaded with extra-curricular obligations, both for student and teacher. Worst of all is "the wholesale annihilation of free discussion . . . the prescription of an official dogmatic

*Weltanschauung* the politicization of the classroom, and the creation by governmental fiat of uniform study-plans from university to university" (p. 171). The book concludes: "To condemn Germany alone for the 'sins' committed in the name of National Socialism is to perpetuate the fatal error of Versailles" (p. 174). (The note on pp. 171-172 on the attitude of the English Universities to the Heidelberg celebrations of 1936 is not quite adequate).

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN

### SPAIN : TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

THE SPANISH COCKPIT. By Franz Borkenau. (*Faber and Faber*. pp. xvi+303. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.).

FAREWELL SPAIN. By Kate O'Brien. (*Heinemann*. pp. 229. Illustrated. 7s. 6d.).

After a glut of very inferior propagandist books on both sides, the appearance of Dr. Borkenau's account of the political and social conflicts of the Spanish Civil War is as timely as such a work was unexpected. Here is impartiality as much as it is attainable, history being always seen through human eyes. We may as well admit straightaway that if others have witnessed the blood and the carnage through smoke-filters, the lens of Dr. Borkenau's glasses is pink-tinged. Having stated his bias, and in our opinion he is none the worse for it, it remains to be seen what objective conclusions he has been forced to. His sincerity and zeal are undeniable. Refused admittance to Franco territory, necessarily infected with the view points circulating in that still held by the Government, yet the whole tempered by a salutary taste of imprisonment at loyalist hands, Dr. Borkenau, as a sociologist of high standing, speaks with a voice of authority which can command only respect, even from those whose eyes cannot meet his on every issue.

His historical background is a masterly summary of relevant Spanish history. A most useful glossary, by the way, explains fully the mysteries of the various organisations and institutions, often confusingly designated by their initial letters. He traces the parts played by the Church, the army and the peasantry in the mighty drama whose symptoms have been erupting for the last hundred years or more. We in this country were befuddled at first, perhaps, by the religious persecution which conveniently and unscrupulously was ascribed to Communism and Russia, but we find with increasing familiarity with the subject, that these blood-lettings and church-burnings are social and economic in origin rather than anti-religious. Even famous protagonists of Franco and reaction in this country now include in their argument references to Mendizabal who, in 1837, confiscated Church property wholesale, though brazenly they had imputed the whole present trouble to Stalin and—that horrible term that is used to mask so much—"anti-God." In this connection, if no better defence of the Church in Spain is made than the Spanish hierarchy's statement as printed in extracts in our Irish papers, the conclusions of Dr. Borkenau and other trained observers are forced upon us, namely, that the Church was too political, wedded to the ambitions of the army and the lust of the landowners and remote, very remote, from the people whose spiritual interests it was their duty to serve.

Having said so much I find that the space at my disposal does not permit me to deal further with *The Spanish Cockpit*. The issues are largely extra-European, though the selfish interests of Germany, Italy and, to a less extent, England, are queering a pitch already sufficiently black. Spain's internal conflicting classes have prevented any serious hold on the whole country of



Bakunin's anarchistic ideas, to which, given complete internal stability, Spanish individualism might lend itself. But now that the melting pot has boiled over, and accepting the axiom that twenty-four million Spaniards (through no disrespect to the heroic, dissenting Basques, we include their number) cannot be wiped out, a new Spain—an Iberian confederation—will emerge, where a larger measure of social justice is bound to be attained.

And now to Miss O'Brien's delightful yet melancholy story of the "old" Spain of 1934 and earlier, we can give only the grace of a brief tribute. In its own way, this book is of high value; it is an authentic, sympathetic record of the Spain that is now disappearing, to hand on its traditions, purged and rejuvenated, to the future. No other pen, perhaps, could capture so intimately the passing kaleidoscope. We have that, and we hope that happier days ahead in Spain will enable Miss O'Brien to introduce us to resurgent and purified Spain.

We commend this book highly, pictorial grace being added by many splendid pencil drawings by Mary O'Neill.

L. J. R.

"NO PASARAN" (They Shall Not Pass): A Story of the Battle of Madrid.

By Upton Sinclair. (*Werner Laurie*. pp. 239. 7s. 6d.).

THE ROAD TO MADRID. By Cecil Geraghty. Illustrated. (*Hutchinson*. pp. 254. 8s. 6d.).

Mr. Upton Sinclair's book is a disappointment. It reads immaturely, and one would wish that the pressing exigencies of propagandism did not impose pot-boiling on a writer of such sincerity and very high capability.

With Mr. Geraghty's name the reviewer is not familiar, so one must judge this very ordinary bit of journalism solely on its demerits. Some of the twenty-six photographs are of interest, the map showing the territory controlled by both sides, as at April, 1937, is of archaic interest only, as unfortunately Bilbao and a considerable extent of the Basque country has since fallen to Franco. The posters reproduced, showing relative facts as between the rebels (in the *zona "nacional"*) and the Government (in the *zona "roja"*) are just the type of thing that, developed, would be of the most intense interest, were it not that their issue was exclusively for internal propagandist purposes and, therefore, largely to be discounted.

Regretfully, the feeling is that these two opposing pieces of propaganda are ephemeral and cancel out.

K. H.

#### DIPLOMATIC LIES

THOSE FOREIGNERS. By Raymond Postgate and Aylmer Vallance. (*Harrap*. 10s. 6d.).

Messrs. Postgate and Vallance have set out to ascertain and record "the English People's Opinion on Foreign Affairs as reflected in their Newspapers since Waterloo." The result is a collection of leading-articles, ranging from 1816 and Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* to an article by "Scrutator" in the *Sunday Times* a few months ago. More than a century of English comment on foreign affairs is garnered here, with a witty and incisive running-commentary by Messrs. Postgate and Vallance.

It may be questioned whether these Press comments really represent "the English People's Opinion," for in England public feeling would seem to be inspired by, rather than reflected in, the newspapers. The populace has not achieved that complete distrust of the Press common in the Irish countryside,

where the Racing Page is the only portion of a newspaper accepted at its face value. All things considered, it might be more accurate to describe these Press pronouncements as the (temporarily expedient) views of the vested interests controlling the various organs.

This collection is not inspired by any sort of propagandist purpose; the very lack of consistency in English foreign policy would preclude such an attitude. But it is a revelation of the appalling materialism which informs English life. Almost without exception, these utterances on world affairs are dictated by expediency; there is a complete ignoring of moral and ethical issues. The possibility of *immediate* gain outweighs all other considerations. We find the *Times*, watching to see how the cat would jump during the French Revolution of 1830, carefully adapting its stance from day to day—as it became evident that the popular cause would triumph over Charles X and his Ministers. And nine years later—when a legally elected Spanish Government was struggling with a planned military revolt—the only reaction of the *Sun* was to warn its readers not to subscribe to the proposed Spanish loan: "Give the patriots your sympathies, but do not trust them with your purses."

The authors do not spare the feelings of their countrymen, except in one notable omission. There is no mention of Ireland!

WALTER DILLON

## BIOGRAPHY AND FICTION

**DIVIDE THE DESOLATION.** By Kathryn Jean Macfarlane. (*Harrap*. 8s. 6d.).

This is a novel about a novelist, and in fact, as the novelist is Emily Brontë, a novel about a novel. As it is not biography, it does not claim the respect due to history, but, at the same time, it disarms criticism. It is much better than the vague and speculative type of biography, as it avoids the word "probably." Instead of saying: "What must her feelings not have been? She cannot but have felt . . ." Miss Macfarlane saves time and says bravely: "She felt." She follows the established facts of Brontë history, but the interpretation is her own, and the reactions are what she judges Emily's to have been.

The outline of the story is familiar enough; it is a sad chronicle of loneliness, poverty and disease, which is suddenly lifted from the commonplace of pathos and made momentous by the revelation of genius. There have been blind fathers, drunken sons and consumptive daughters in other families, but when have there been two sisters who have written so well as Charlotte and Emily? The business of this book is to explain how and why, in the intervals of baking and scrubbing, teaching, nursing and coughing, Emily wrote *Wuthering Heights*. She had no friends and no lovers; all her experience was in solitary walks, a few schools which she hated, the misfortunes of her family, some books, some stories she heard second-hand and her own imagination; and she wrote not only one of the greatest, but one of the most passionate of English novels.

This book makes it clear that because Emily Brontë was lonely, and did not write for a public, she was almost unaffected by the fashions of the time. *Wuthering Heights* has no conventional hero and heroine and no moral. Miss Macfarlane believes it was based on a Yorkshire family history; and certainly it is unlikely that a novelist would have invented a plot so oddly shaped. There was also an Irish story in the Brontë family which was like Heathcliff's. And it must be quite right to make Emily learn about passion from her brother Branwell; and to trace among her literary influences Coleridge and the romantic movement of the early nineteenth century. The haunting of Heathcliff by Cathie's ghost is in the romantic tradition of vampirism; and this is the only mark of period on *Wuthering Heights*.

In at least three passages Miss Macfarlane faces her task with striking courage : when Emily in a flash becomes conscious of the troubles of the entire household, as if they were her own ; when Branwell swears to punish his mistress and reduce her children to savagery ; and when Emily, thinking of Branwell, resents the indignity of human life, and sees man "not the godlike creature she had once held him to be, but ground down by circumstance and by his own passions." There are times when the facts are not illuminated so well, but merely illustrated, as the modern chronicle play illustrates history. And there are a few Americanisms and anachronisms. Could any family in 1833 have discussed the Celtic twilight, and especially the 'Love Songs of Connaught' ? But, as a whole, this is a very serious and moving piece of work, and a pious tribute to an extraordinary woman.

CHRISTINE LONGFORD

### REALISM AND BEYOND

THE BRIDGE. By Francis Stuart. (*Collins*. 7s. 6d.).

THE TRIAL. By Franz Kafka. (*Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.).

This book, together with Stuart's previous novel, *The White Hare*, would seem to indicate a definite change of attitude on his part. The vast horizons of his earlier novels are being narrowed down ; he is no longer, as it were, trying the sky. Many of us will regret this new departure, remembering the wonder and delight with which we read *Pigeon Irish* and the opening chapters of *Glory*. In those two books Stuart, with a unique prose style—blending subtle humour and genuine pathos with a sustained lyricism—reached magnificent heights, and revealed possibilities for the novel which no other modern writer had even suspected.

In *The Bridge* his approach is almost that of the realist. The locale of the story is the little town of Fert on the Irish coast. On one side of the bridge live the people of the Island, on the other side the "respectable" inhabitants of the upper town—one community standing for fundamental, almost primitive, human qualities ; the other for convention, expediency, values that are essentially superficial. Two married people from the upper town (Joanna Flynn and Larry Byrne, the Town Engineer) find themselves, for very different reasons, on the Island side of the bridge. And there in Casey's Riverside House is born between them a love that threatens to ostracise them from both communities in the little town.

The story of their love, with its joys and worries, ecstasies and foreboding, is told with sustained power and exquisite tenderness. The character of Joanna is brilliantly portrayed, and the emotional and mental conflict which Larry Byrne suffers is conveyed with an intensity worthy of Dostoevski. The dénouement, the final—almost casual—surrender to circumstance, is moving and adequate.

*The Bridge* is a fine novel, and—regarded as a literary experiment—is most successful. Stuart proves himself a master of the realist's method. *Pigeon Irish* and *Glory* have shown him to be anything but a slave to Realism. One of these days he may produce a novel that will be beyond all criticism.

To anyone not acquainted with Kafka's work it is impossible to convey the unique quality of his writing. But to those who have read *The Castle*, *The Great Wall of China*, and the *Metamorphosis*, Kafka must be already known as one of the greatest of modern prose-writers. At a time when the future of



the novel is unpredictable, he becomes a figure of the greatest significance.

During the past thirty years, but more especially in the post-war period, the novel-form has been subjected to stresses and strains which have led to distortion of the *genre*—even in the hands of its greatest exponents. *Ulysses*, a terrific achievement, was almost a disaster for the novel. It superseded the traditional form, and Joyce's preponderating influence on recent prose-writers has been another distorting factor. There has been also the temptation to impose upon the novel a filmic technique. And there has been the propagandist tendency, an outcome of the attempt to reflect modern social conditions in fiction.

In these circumstances, Kafka seems to me to be doing a great service to the novel. He is achieving something unique, and yet something which is germane to the novel-form itself. He is, as it were, discovering a new dimension within the *genre*. Like Stuart, he is a romantic who can accept easily all those implications of existence which the realists made such capital of accepting. And this attitude gives his work strength and substance, enables him to create a world credible and congruous within itself.

The chief character in the present novel is K. He is brought to trial on a charge which is never even formulated, and all through the story the machinery of the inaccessible law is in action. K. knows he is innocent, but gradually his confidence is undermined. He finds himself making feverish efforts to prepare his defence without having the faintest idea of the crime he is alleged to have committed. The story is an allegory which each reader will interpret in his own way—as a study of certain universal neurotic manifestations, as a representation of the human spirit striving towards integrity, or even as a far-fetched satire on officialdom.

The translation—by Edwin and Ella Muir—is excellently done. The lucidity and flexibility of the prose are continual sources of delight.

NIAL SHERRIDAN

BEAM ENDS. By Errol Flynn. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.).

Judging by this book, Mr. Flynn was well advised to choose the screen as a method of self-expression. *Beam Ends* is an account of how the author, with two friends, sailed a forty-year-old yacht from Sydney to New Guinea. Adventure stories of this type have become so common as to be boring, and Mr. Flynn has not the necessary literary ability to escape this fate. But he is such a versatile individual that he will be in no way disconcerted at his failure to take Parnassus in his stride.

N. S.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE I

THE INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S GUIDE TO SOCIALISM, CAPITALISM, SOVIETISM AND FASCISM. By Bernard Shaw. (Vol. I, pp. 254. Vol. II, pp. 468).

LAST AND FIRST MEN. By Olaf Stapledon. (pp. 288).

PRACTICAL ECONOMICS. By G. D. H. Cole. (pp. 256).

THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE. By Sir James Jeans. (pp. 188).

(Pelican Books published by Penguin Books, Ltd. 6d.).

Properly speaking, a batch of such well-known books does not call for an orthodox review. I shall, therefore, not attempt it. Yet, lingering about a deserted pier on the western Atlantic, with a warm breeze smelling of turf, cows, and the sea ; with the murmur of Irish around as the tides come in and

go out ; with the distant view of a curragh stalking home to roost like a shiny black beetle (two men in her belly, their four legs slipping on the wet stones), there is such a grand desolation in the air, that these books seem to come from another world, a world so remote that I fancy I may see these familiar books as if I had never read them before.

It seems almost superfluous to say is that no praise is high enough for the publishers of this really wonderful library, for the subtle way in which they are capturing the whole literary market by providing every single person, including myself, with just the book he, or she, is in need of.

Shaw's *Intelligent Woman's Guide*, for instance, was, and is, a remarkable book : a book for every Intelligent Woman ; but I can't help wondering how many intelligent women—interested in things like Socialism, for example !—had the necessary capital to invest in the moderately priced first edition. Nevertheless, Shaw is not to be outdone, for he has enriched this new 6d. edition with an Author's Note, and two long new chapters dealing with events since the original publication in 1928, adding that it is now "much better value." Moreover, there is now not the slightest excuse for any woman (or man) not buying it at once, except the profession that they find Shaw boring, which is absurd.

It may be the air, the turf, or the sea, but I must confess that I have no patience with Mr. Stapledon whatsoever, while hastily adding that for anyone who likes Wars of the Worlds and Stratospheric Liners to Outer Space, a couple of hundred million years hence, his *Last and First Men*, may be positively meat and drink. When I am in need of scientific sensationalism, I prefer to turn to Sir James Jeans, who has more thrills in a couple of pages of facts, than Mr. Stapledon in his history of the next two thousand million years.

Perhaps it is not so much the air that prejudices me as the fact that I had hoped to deal with Sir Leonard Woolley's "Digging up the Past," which is climate-proof. Digging up the past is so much more fascinating than digging up the future ; especially as in the process of "creating" the future, we are apt to create people and things rather too much in our own image. It takes God to create a world.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole's *Practical Economics* is a book that every intelligent man or woman should, and I hope will, have on his or her shelf. Quite apart from the fact that it was specially written for this series (fancy a first edition for 6d!), I have seldom read anything written with such scrupulous clarity and fairness. Anyone afraid of the word "Economics," has only to read the first few pages to realise that in Mr. Cole's company, he has nothing to fear. He begins by showing the difference between the doctrine of *laissez-faire* and "planned economy," and then goes on to examine five different systems : the Socialist (U.S.S.R.) ; Fascist (Italy) ; Nazi (Germany) ; the American "New Deal," and, finally, Capitalism (Great Britain). Nothing could be more free from political bias than Mr. Cole's treatment of his subject. Yet it is this very dispassionate quality in his work that makes the devastating results of our present economic system stand out more glaringly than any lurid propagandist could succeed in doing. Everyone can afford this fine book : buy it !

I liked Sir James Jeans' *Mysterious Universe* when it came out first, and have not changed my mind since. This is another triumph on the part of the Pelican people : even illustrations are included ; some splendid laboratory photos of diffraction rings, and an inspiring plate of a cluster of nebulae in Coma Berenices.



Although any such popular book on science in general is bound to call forth a good deal of criticism from working scientists, this is rather a reflection on them than on the book. Scientists, like other people, tend to get their noses imbedded in their own special subject, and affect a great air of disdain towards books that attempt to depict the whole face of knowledge up-to-date. Indeed, until I read *The Mysterious Universe*, I was a little inclined to think that way myself. But, then, most works of this sort were hopelessly materialistic and dogmatic. Indeed, Sir James Jeans leaves you to do a good deal of thinking for yourself, as when he defines energy, the fundamental entity of the universe, as a "mathematical abstraction—the constant of integration of a differential equation!" But do not imagine that the book is all in this style. On the contrary, Jeans himself seems to be drawing nearer and nearer the Berkeleian *summa*:

And the choir of heaven and furniture of earth, in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any substance without the mind . . . So long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind, or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some Eternal Spirit.

Modern Science with all its other achievements, seems to have succeeded in throwing off the last shreds of Victorian "commonsense" materialistic self-assertiveness.

There are too many good things in the *Mysterious Universe* to go into fully, as nearly all of them lead on to further and more complex ideas. The evening is turning chilly and there is a bit of a breeze out on the rocks. Thinking back on Jeans, I remember his remarks on some of the strange forecasts of Einstein's theory of relativity. Was ever one more profound than St. Augustine's:

*Non in tempore, sed cum tempore, finxit Deus mundum?*

The tide is turning; when the tide goes, the post goes, and with it, this.

CECIL FFRENCH SALKELD

## HEALTH

KEEP FIT AND CHEERFUL. By John F. Lucy. (Talbot Press. 1s.). 112 pp.

In this handy little book, Capt. Lucy includes a series of Broadcast Talks given by him last winter.

The system advocated is well illustrated with descriptive drawings, and is intended mainly for city workers and others who may be below par, owing to lacking the opportunity of taking part in regular outdoor sports and games.

The old-fashioned "physical jerks" and muscle building are condemned, the author's aim being to cover the main muscle groups, and stimulate them gently for a few minutes every day in a consciously controlled manner. The ultimate object of the simple exercises is to bring back the "joy of living in a healthy body," so often needlessly lost even by people just past their youth.

The entertaining and instructive mental exercises open a fresh field to many, and attention is given to subjects not usually included in manuals on keeping fit, e.g., clothing, breathing, carriage, diet, housing, and leisure. There are also many health tips included for both sexes, with special slimming exercises for women, and hints for children. The book is well indexed, and should make a popular appeal in these days of national fitness.

F. J. P.



## THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT. (16 JULY—15 AUG.)

DAIL re-assembled ; Mr. de Valera re-elected President of Executive Council by 82 votes to 52. Their Majesties the King and Queen of England paid short state visit to Belfast ; bridge wrecked and many customs huts burned on border. Armed men raided residence of Six-county Minister for Home Affairs. Conference of Northern Labour Party in Belfast ; demand for unity of country ruled out of order. Independent party of Ulster Progressive Unionists formed in Six Counties.

Delegates from 11 countries in Dublin at International Catholic Congress on peace. Social Order summer school in Clongowes attended by trade union officials. Large pilgrimages to Downside Abbey, MacDara's Island and Croagh Patrick. Mgr. Lyons, Dundalk, appointed Bishop of Kilmore, and Rev. Ml. Browne, Maynooth, Bishop of Galway and Kilmacduagh.

Government fixed first minimum agricultural wage for Saorstát at 24s. for 54 hour week. Saorstát local government rates for 1935-36 amounted to £5,295,000 ; agricultural grant, £1,870,000 ; payments from road fund, etc., £3,395,000 ; total valuation, £12,032,000. 33,000 houses built under housing acts in Saorstát since 1932. £36,000 tuberculosis hospital opened on estate near Tralee. Act for humane slaughtering of animals came into force in Saorstát. Model farmyard costing £26,000 opened at Maynooth college. Practical farming should be subject for agricultural scholarships, said Director of Albert College. Beet Growers conference demanded increased price for beet and reduced freight charges. 120,000 attended R.D.S. Horse Show ; international military jumping competition won by Switzerland and Aga Khan trophy by Saorstát. Galway Urban Council requested Government to appoint city manager when borough being formed. Reported accidents in Saorstát factories in 1936 numbered 1,253. Government Inquiry into fatal Pearse Street fire found lack of efficiency in city departments and recommended regulations for control of workshops. Stated at Automobile Association dinner that Belfast-Cork road had best sign-posts in world.

British Medical Association met in Belfast. Vocational Education officers held congress in Dublin. 30 unemployed teachers cycled from south to interview Minister. Trade Union Congress in Dundalk attended by 209 delegates from all Ireland, representing 246,000 members ; question of affiliation to international federations shelved. Despite efforts by Government and Corporation no settlement of Dublin building trade dispute.

Saorstát external trade for June was £6,334,000, imports being £4,347,000 and exports, £1,918,000 ; figures for June, 1936, were £4,887,000, £3,097,000 and £1,754,000. Official estimate for June showed wheat acreage, 224,000, a decrease of 31,000, and cattle, 3,964,000, a decrease of 50,000. Large exports of horses to Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. Profits of Irish Sugar Co. for year were £288,000. Profits of Guinness Co. were £1,926,000 ; stated that Park Royal brewery was successful.

Aeridheachtanna at Dalkey, Tallaght and Merseyside. Seamus O'Neill, Queen's, lecturing in Rosmuc, urged National University professors to lecture in Six Counties. Erskine Childers addressed Welsh Nationalist summer school at Fala. Inaugural meeting of Genealogical Research Society. Old Dublin Society visited Maynooth College and grave of Thomas Furlong in Drumcondra. David Sears lectured to Dublin Rotary on the drama and history. R.D.S. Taylor art scholarships awarded to Romilly Semour and Peter Grant. Exhibition by Dublin Painters. Considerable increase in attendance at Dublin municipal gallery. First production at Abbey of "The Patriot," by Maeve O'Callaghan. First production of musical play "The Talisman" at Rathmines.

Died : James Owens, prominent Dublin surgeon ; Rev. John Rossiter, Dean of Ferns ; Senator Marconi, whose mother was an Irishwoman and who carried out some of his early experiments in Ireland ; Dr. George Von Dehn, former German Minister in Dublin, who was dismissed service because he kissed Nuncio's ring ; Supt. Patrick McCarthy, old I.R.A. officer ; Thomas MacKeogh, founder of farmers' association ; Miss Annie Horniman, patron of Abbey Theatre.

Credentials presented in Dublin by Dr. Eduard Hempel, new German Minister, and Signor Romano Lodi-Fe, new Italian Minister. Memorial erected at Lahardane to Fr. Andrew Conroy, hanged in Castlebar in 1798. Plaque erected in Athlone at birthplace of T. P. O'Connor. Many bathing fatalities. Body of English woman tourist killed by fall in Wicklow mountains, found after long search. Distribution of £17,300 raised by public subscription for dependents of those lost in Aranmore boat disaster. Party of four Englishmen climbed Ben Nevis, Scafell, Snowden and Carruntuohill in 27 hours. Saorstát scouts at international jamboree in Netherlands. Ancient Corrig Castle to be demolished under Dun Laoghaire road-widening scheme. Robert Nash crowned "King of Dalkey Island" on retirement of Ald. Tom Kelly.

DENIS BARRY

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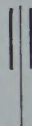
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